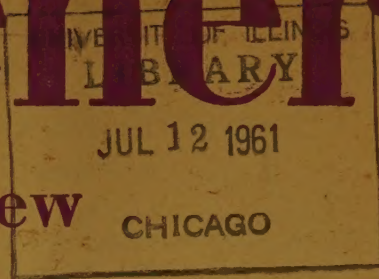


# The Listener

and  
**B.B.C. Television Review**



Vol. LXV. No. 1682.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1961



*Lent by the Courtauld Institute of Art*

'Le Malade Imaginaire', by Honoré Daumier: from the exhibition of his paintings and drawings at the Tate Gallery, London (see page 1100)

## **British Policy and Soviet Trade**

By Alec Nove

## **A Portrait of Berlin**

By Alistair Cooke

## **An Artist in Our Time**

By Bryan Robertson

## **The Democracy of the Dial**

By Kenneth Adam

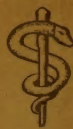
## **Good, Brave Causes?**

By Kingsley Amis

## **Kokoschka and the 'Breakthrough'**

By Stephen Spender





## EATING IN EIGHTY-FOUR—II

By PODALIRIUS

Most men, if they were women, would be mad women. They could never endure fourteen hours housework a day, most of it in the kitchen. Of course, while waiting for their wives to provide supper, they will admire some swathed magazine lady, poised over the latest in electronic stoves; unaware, poor males, that, whatever virtues the lady might have, coddling an egg would not be one of them. Good cooking, being an art, will always demand time and elbow grease. But to cook seven days a week, three or four times a day, is too much; and amid the doubled prosperity we are to enjoy in 1984 every housewife should look for at least two meals a week outside the home. With wine. Swathed.

Every housewife will by then, of course, have a refrigerator, deep freeze, and a machine to mix, mash, squeeze, grind, pound, or drip any foodstuff at will. Foods in season will be stored, whether indigenous or brought by rocket from that end of the earth in which they were a few hours previously garnered. Cans may well have vanished; and freshness, quality, and variety are what the farmers and the shops of the world will provide. No longer will any fishmonger wonder when the iceman cometh, or the village greengrocer be as innocent of Avocado pears as he is of quinces.

What else nutritionally in '84? As a nation, we have largely forgotten how to make our own dishes. Some of today's young ladies scoff even at a Mrs. Beeton recipe, themselves having no kitchen book, nor anything to put in one. Doubled prosperity could mean time to revive our grandmothers' memories. And with such a revival could come a more widespread interest in the food of distant countries. Indeed, it would have to, for their inhabitants would be rocketed amongst us at week-ends, demanding goulash, pot au feu, or minestrone. For many people in this country such dishes are not even names: they can devour the literature, the music, the athletic feats of the whole world, but not its food. How nice in '84 to have as many Italian dishes in Sunderland as in Soho!

Of course, prophecies are usually wrong, else prophets would be princes. What foods we may indeed have in 1984 and in what forms they may be served are matters mostly beyond conjecture. The far side of the moon looks like no man's dream of it; which is as well—our menu in '84 will have been fashioned by our curiosity about it, and our curiosity, unlike us, works best on a starvation diet.

\* \* \*

*Thank you, Podalirius. Your flights of fancy into the future have, we feel sure, planted in readers many revolutionary thoughts for food. Now back to earth for our second instalment entitled "Eating in 1961" or "Bemax for Better Health." It's surprising how many vital nutrients may be lacking in the average diet today. And Bemax is a simple, pleasant and sure way of replacing them in correctly balanced proportions. For Bemax is pure, stabilised wheat germ—the richest, natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement. Try improving your diet by sprinkling Bemax on your food each day. You can get it from chemists and stores everywhere.*

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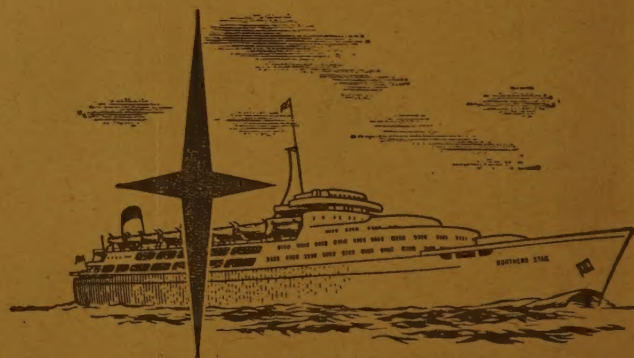
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# The Listener

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## British Policy and Soviet Trade

By ALEC NOVE

IN a recent broadcast talk\*, Mr. Roland Berger gave us his interpretation of the potentialities of British trade with the Communist bloc in general, and the Soviet Union in particular. He spoke of self-evident economic advantage to which British officialdom remains obstinately blind; enlightened business men, he thought, are dragging reluctant or indeed obstructionist Ministers in the direction of more trade.

My own view is that our official attitude has sometimes lacked flexibility and that more could be done by the Government to facilitate the expansion of trade with Eastern countries; however, the Government's policies are neither stupid nor due merely to political prejudice. There do exist people, some of them in this country, more of them in America, to whom East-West trade is at best a necessary evil, to be avoided and minimized; they consider that trade is wrong because it strengthens Soviet economic power, or because Soviet exports are designed to weaken us. Let us be perfectly clear that this does not represent government policy, and it should not be inferred that it does. Trade has been increasing, and recent agreements envisage a further rise. Of the examples cited by Mr. Berger, only one—trade relations with East Germany—represents interference with trade for purely political reasons, and it has been widely criticized as such, in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

It is undeniable that British manufacturers, especially of machinery, would like to sell more to Russia and her allies. It is equally undeniable that the Russians would like to buy more British machinery. As Mr. Berger pointed out, rightly, the limiting

factor at present is their earnings of sterling, from exports to this country; and there is certainly some substance in his complaint that these earnings would be higher were it not for certain import restrictions, of a discriminatory character, to which goods of Soviet-bloc origin are subject.

However, it would be wrong to deduce from this, as Mr. Berger appears to do, that the British business community is, so to speak, on one side, for more trade, and the Government is on the other, dragging its feet. Any British business man who thinks he can sell more to Russia is in favour of anything which helps him to do so: unfortunately, any large increase in imports from the U.S.S.R. affects the interests of other British business men, or of their overseas customers, and this causes counter-pressure which the Government can hardly ignore. While there could well be criticism of the Government's decisions in balancing conflicting business interests, it is as well to be clear that they are conflicting, and not united in a desire for more Anglo-Soviet trade.

Then one should not over-emphasize the effect of British import restrictions on the volume of Soviet exports to this country. With the important exception of oil, the Soviet economy would not find it easy to provide large quantities of additional exports of kinds which our private importers wish to buy. Of course there is scope for an increase, and the forthcoming Soviet trade Fair in London will doubtless stimulate interest in buying a wider range of Soviet goods; but often either the market is very limited, or the Soviet export availabilities are modest. It is easy



to point, as Mr. Berger does, to the vast range and rapid expansion of Soviet industrial production, to her rich mineral resources and so on, and then to speak of dramatic increases in trade. It is less easy to name the commodities which the U.S.S.R. will in fact be able to sell in this country on the necessary scale. The bulk of the increase in production is earmarked for domestic use, or for her partners in the Soviet bloc.

All this is not an argument for restricting the entry of such Soviet goods as would find a market in this country: on the contrary. Why, then, are restrictions imposed?

### The Ban on Soviet Oil

The most important instance is oil, of which the Soviet Union has an immediate disposable surplus and which is among the largest and fastest-growing items on Britain's import bill. Here again, Mr. Berger's presentation fails to do justice to the case for the present policy, and therefore leaves it to be inferred that the reasons must be discreditable—political prejudice, say, or subservience to the oil companies. I personally take the view that there is a good case for relaxing the ban on Soviet oil: but one should at least be aware that there are also strong arguments the other way. The official case rests on the assumption that, through the sterling oil companies, Britain is in effect an oil-producing country; that her interests are really those of an oil exporter and not an importer, and that consequently the arrival of more oil must be seen as an embarrassment, at a time when the British oil companies are finding it hard to sell their existing production, and when investments they have already made are bound to yield greatly increased supplies at low additional cost. To this general argument must be added two politico-economic points: first, that some Middle Eastern countries would react adversely to our allowing Soviet oil to compete with them; and, secondly, that British coal would be unfavourably affected by the arrival of more and cheaper oil. Against this, it may be said that Soviet oil finds an outlet anyway in competition with our oil companies—for instance in Italy and West Germany—and that the effect of banning its entry to Britain is to shift Soviet orders for machinery towards these countries.

For these and other reasons, it may well be wiser in the long run if our oil companies were to buy some Soviet oil instead of trying ineffectively to keep it off world markets. But clearly there is much to be said on both sides. Thus the question of whether Britain's real interests are those of an oil importer or an oil producer, whether we would not benefit on balance from cheaper oil, is a serious matter of economic policy which raises issues wider than those of Anglo-Soviet trade. The Soviet motive for wishing to sell more oil is perfectly understandable; it is their best means of increasing their sterling earnings. It is unnecessary to seek some subtle or sinister explanation. But Soviet negotiators should not be unduly shocked if their offers are met by the retort that we have ample oil already. Soviet planners are not in the habit of ordering abroad items which can be obtained in the U.S.S.R., or indeed in the Soviet bloc: it is as well to recall that 80 per cent. of Soviet imports of machinery comes from her own European allies.

### Different Systems of Trading

Oil is something of a special case, but there are other instances of discrimination against imports from the Soviet bloc. These are largely explicable by genuine difficulties of trade between different systems, with unregulated private dealings on one side and state-controlled and centrally-planned monopolies on the other. To say this is not to condemn either system. Both have their strengths and their weaknesses, and there is indeed some advantage for western business-men to trade with the Soviet state corporations, which can often place long-term contracts and have paid their bills with exemplary punctuality. It must be a source of some irritation to Soviet planners, who want to know well in advance what they can sell, that British importers are not generally willing to sign long-term contracts; and possibly this is one reason why Soviet trade organizations give preference to imports from fellow-members of the Soviet bloc, who have a similar planning system. This brings me to the essence of the argument about discrimination: the British official view is that the Soviet planners

can and do discriminate whenever they wish, by issuing a confidential memorandum to their traders; import duties are negligible, and do not affect the issue. Whereas if the British Government gives unrestricted and equal right of entry to Soviet goods, by applying the most-favoured-nation clause, it gives the Soviets an advantage which can have no visible *quid pro quo*, for which they can offer no real reciprocity. When the state is in effect the only purchaser, the 'most-favoured-nation' principle seems meaningless or irrelevant.

It is also believed that the Soviet traders could take advantage of such unrestricted freedom of entry, because they could be instructed to reduce prices below the level of their competitors if this was found to be necessary, paying out a concealed subsidy through the State Bank. As far as I know, no serious analyst believes that the Soviet Government indulges in deliberate dumping, in the sense of selling cheaper than is necessary, or that it aims to 'disorganize the market'. The same is true of its allies. The recent arrival of cheap Rumanian eggs was doubtless preceded by stiff bargaining, in which the Rumanians, who are short of sterling, tried to get as high a price as they could. Nor should one forget that if dumping consists merely of selling below domestic prices, many are guilty, including the United States in respect of its agricultural produce.

### Unfair Competition?

However, the fact remains that there is genuine fear lest open general licences, a no-discrimination commitment, could result in competition which would be regarded as unfair both by domestic interests and by traditional suppliers from abroad, because prices could be lowered without much regard to costs or profits. This is the kind of problem which arises, for instance, with bacon. It would be easy to demonstrate that British exports of machinery to Poland would increase if we bought more Polish bacon. It is no less easy to see why the Government, to use Mr. Berger's phrase, 'drags its feet', with one eye on the British farmer and the other on the Danes, to mix metaphors a little. At this moment, Soviet offerings of barley are causing a flurry among the interests affected. If and when a good harvest provides the Soviet Union with a large wheat surplus, no doubt we could hear protests from our traditional suppliers—Australia, Canada—who are also important markets for British goods. It may then prove necessary to impose discriminatory quota restrictions, to prevent imports from the U.S.S.R. exceeding some fixed amount. Incidentally, bargaining about quotas sometimes enables British negotiators to persuade the Soviet side to buy some British consumers' goods, including, I suspect, the artificial fur fabric cited by Mr. Berger. Without such bargaining, it seems likely that the Soviet planners would confine their purchases to machinery and sterling area raw materials.

All this does not mean that the official British policy has struck the right balance between all the various considerations. It can be argued that the Soviet habit of trading bilaterally is often of advantage to us, since at least we can expect that increased British imports will lead to proportionately increased sales. The Soviet side is apt to see trade as a kind of bilateral deal between two giant firms, U.S.S.R., Ltd., and Great Britain, Ltd., and would claim that within this pattern there is reciprocity. The advantages of this to us are best seen at times of balance-of-payments difficulties, while in times of boom bilateralism, the non-convertibility of the rouble, the occasional tendency towards barter deals, look less attractive. But perhaps we are too cautious and therefore too restrictionist. It should be possible to devise new ways of giving Soviet-bloc countries better opportunities to sell here, while retaining reserve powers to call a halt if this proves necessary. However, this search for new ways cannot even begin if we fail to see that the difficulties of inter-system trade are real. One did not sense this realization in Mr. Berger's argument.

Finally, a few words on the politics of trade. Let us by all means hope that trade relations, along with cultural and other contacts, can help to lessen the tensions of the cold war. However, the cold war exists, and it cannot simply be ignored. In East and West, some *de facto* discrimination is due to a systematic preference for one's own allies, a fear of excessive dependence on the other side. The joint planning arrangements of COMECON (the economic council of the Soviet bloc), as well as the Common



Market and free trade area arrangements in the West, are forms of discrimination in relation to the outside world, which owe much to politics. We can deplore these things, but they are realities.

Another aspect of the politics of trade is the embargo on exports of so-called strategic goods to the Soviet bloc. Mr. Berger cited an example of an export ban relating to 1954. The list at that date included a wide range of goods of not the slightest military significance: this list was, in my view, absurd, and only made any kind of sense in terms of an economic blockade. The

present list, fortunately, is much shorter. It too can be effectively criticized, but it represents a joint decision of the Western alliance, which cannot lightly be unilaterally disregarded.

To sum up: for anyone who believes, as I do, that more trade with the Soviet bloc would be politically and economically advantageous, there are grounds on which government policy can be criticized. However, there are genuine and delicate problems of adjustment, economic, political, organizational, between two very different systems, the solution of which may well require both patience and imagination.—*Third Programme*

## A Portrait of Berlin

ALISTAIR COOKE on a recent visit

IN all the high diplomacy of the last week or two, one word—Berlin—has kept sounding through the pomp of the airport ceremonies and the gaiety of the state dinners, like a fog horn that bellows out from time to time to remind the dancers in the paper hats that the captain is on the bridge and every fishing trawler or freighter that shows up on the radar screen is being watched with skill and anxiety. This image, I am sure, occurs to me because I have been reading a book called *Collision Course*, which is the best account of the most controversial disaster in the peacetime history of the sea: the story of how two modern liners, the 'Andrea Doria' and the 'Stockholm', proceeding with expert caution through the Atlantic on the night of July 26, 1956, spotted each other on the radar, one ship when they were seventeen miles apart, the other when they were twelve miles apart; tracked each other's oncoming course with extreme watchfulness for forty minutes till suddenly the 'Stockholm's' masthead lights glared in the sky and her bow sliced the 'Andrea Doria' like a knife through butter. It is a tremendous story, all the more eerie and baffling because of the circumspection of the two teams on the bridge, their experience, their watchfulness, and their seeming inability to ward off the ultimate catastrophe which all their seamanship is meant to avoid.

I hope this is not too fatalistic a view to take of the future of Berlin. But if the Allies stand as firm as they swear they will, and if Mr. Khrushchev is not bluffing when he says that the Russians' tolerance of what they call this 'cancer' is going to give out very soon—



The Tauentzienstrasse, West Berlin, with (behind) the ruins of the Kaiser Memorial Church

Frank Horcat



On the border of East and West Berlin—'sixteen years after the end of the war the desolation is still there to see'

Erich Lessing

then it could well be that both sides are proceeding with extreme awareness on a collision course.

I approached the city, as the old Italian merchant princes did, from the south. I took a night train from Florence over the Dolomites to Munich, and then by air to Berlin. Within a couple of hours I was bumping through heavy cumulus cloud over Berlin, and there it was: a squalor of railroad yards, a horizon of small skyscraper apartment buildings, much cement and steel and glass, built round dense blobs of parkland, but the thickest parts of the city itself punctuated by little open patches of weedy field. As we came lower, these mouldy bits of land, bang in the middle of boulevards, multiplied. They looked like the dump-heaps, of sewage and crumbling automobiles, that you see from the train on the edge of American industrial cities. But not the kind of thing of which disciplined Germans would be guilty.

It turned out that it was *we* who were guilty of them. These ragged plots of stubble, some like corner lots, others as big as cricket fields, were the still-open sores of the wounding raids of American and British bombers. Sixteen years after the end of the war the desolation of Berlin is still there to see. When you start to tour the city, especially when you leave the British sector



and are passed by Russian guards at the Brandenburg Gate and enter what they call the Democratic Sector, and we call East Berlin, you are surrounded by these broken fields of junk and crumbling brick and the ruined corners of pediments, all overgrown with grass. It is as if the Brandenburg Gate, a great ceremonial archway, had been built, for some unexplained reason, in open country, and the city lay a mile or so beyond. We begin to tour, and the guide points to a pile of rubble and says: 'That used to be the French Embassy . . . that used to be the great Hotel Adlon . . . that used to be the Café Kunstler and two hundred other cafés . . .' He indicates a row of small sapling trees—linden trees—bordering the highway. 'The greatest boulevard in Europe', he says, 'the Unter Den Linden . . . under the linden trees'. The saplings are explained by the fact that during the 1948 blockade the city gave out of heating fuel and firewood, and in the bad winter the people chopped down the great avenues of limes. He points up another wasteland. 'This', he says, 'was to Berlin what Pennsylvania Avenue is to Washington, the Quai D'Orsay to Paris, Whitehall to London . . . this was the Wilhelmstrasse'. One-sixth of all the ruins of the Third Reich were inside Berlin.

The Brandenburg Gate is the most dramatic of the twenty-eight border points which indicate the invisible cleavage between East and West Berlin. This, of course, is the root of Berlin's unreality. First, it is an island of two warring factions deep inside the communist zone of Germany. West Berlin must get its raw materials, its supplies, everything to sustain it, along a couple of railway lifelines that cut through seventy, ninety miles of East Germany. Then the city itself is broken into two—it is as if most of London north of Oxford Street were self-governing by the grace and permission of a small army of German soldiers; and everything south of Oxford Street were communist-ruled, by long-range control from Moscow.

### No Tension in Evidence

Before one goes there, it is easy to imagine a painful tension which is not, in fact, in evidence. My own preconception of Berlin was of a clean division between the east and the west, with barriers and armed guards and possibly barbed wire, or electrified fences. Nothing of the sort. You can wander round and not know half the time which sector you are in. The guide was there to remind us, with a bitter overtone, that 'the historical part of the city took the worst beating . . . it was in the Eastern sector . . .'

On our side, in the thriving Western sector, there was very little of architectural interest. The Berliners have left one church standing, the Kaiser Memorial Church as a reminder. It is a shell with a broken, burnt spire. It stands today between two baffling constructions—a thin, vertical cylinder made of what seem to be giant waffle irons (that is the new church spire) and a fat cylinder like a gas tank of the same material (that is the new church). Then to the horizon reaches the garish, prosperous, showy Fifth Avenue of West Berlin: the Kurfürstendamm, with its headlong crowds and flashing cars and cafés and hundreds of glittering stores and shops, crammed with clothes and silver and exquisite optical instruments and transistor radios and diamond bracelets and furniture and silver again and more jewels. As far as you can see, small sky-scrapers of steel-curtain construction and coloured enamel balconies and picture windows blazing with neon. It is like a ruined Pittsburgh trying to make itself over as Miami Beach and—I regret to say—succeeding. You travel through this seething, opulent, garish city and then you come to the other face of Berlin: that is to say, to the rubble and the weedy fields, and beyond *their* pride and joy: Stalinallee. The Avenue of Stalin, a long sweeping boulevard of apartment buildings in yellow brick, harsh solid structures of five storeys, like some awful endless street of American small-town high schools built about 1906. The guide mentions that they are built in 'the Georgian style', which almost had me throwing up an arm to protest till I realized that Joseph Stalin was born in Georgia and this is, thank God, *their* Georgian style, not ours.

At the Brandenburg Gate, your car or bus must stop. You go into a little brick building and are greeted by a communist official who stands behind two tables full of pamphlets and booklets. He greets you, in German and English, with a little speech welcoming you to the Democratic Sector, hoping you will enjoy your stay

and join the East Berliners in the pious hope that one day the city, and the country, will be reunited as a happy, self-governing democracy.

### Attack on the 'Bonn Generals'

I picked up a raft of pamphlets and a stack of free postcards, all of Paul Robeson—Robeson with Mr. Khrushchev, with Herr Ulbricht, with happy girls handing him bouquets of flowers. Then I read the literature. It is revealing, though I am not quite sure what it is meant to reveal. Its general theme is simple and hair-raising, but I have not seen it reported, so I will reduce it to the argument that it is meant to terrify and impress, first, the East Germans themselves and then any impressionable visitors to East Berlin. It is a massive attack, not on the United States or Nato (Britain and France, for instance, are barely mentioned, except in a sympathetic way as the poor victims of American 'Annexation'). The villains of the piece are the West German generals, so called the Bonn generals. They have a plan, and they are being egged on by the scoundrels of Nato to realize it very soon. First, you will be surprised to hear, we and they are planning, as the first stage, a 'liberation' of the German Democratic Republic by a 'small atomic blitzkrieg', presumably tactical nuclear weapons. In the radio-active smoke of this success, we shall then blackmail the East-German populations, attack Poland, and restore the old German frontier. The third stage of the plan is 'a main thrust' against the Soviet Union itself. Our present, peacetime cunning is devoted to seducing and flattering the evangelical clergy of West Germany, who—when *Der Tag* comes—will, it says here, 'abuse the cross as Hitler exploited the swastika'.

It seems to me that this is about as depressing as propaganda can be. It is of course a great bore to the West Berliners. It is believed, I am responsibly told, by no more than ten per cent. of the East Berliners, who in any free election would vote by a thumping majority for union with the West on our terms. Why then is it so violent, so chimerical? Because, I believe, it is impossible to convince the East Berliners by anything less ghastly. All their accounts of the bestiality, the delinquency, the decadence of capitalism, which may satisfy populations who have never seen the West, are useless as propaganda for the East Berliners, 50,000 of whom work in West Berlin by day, 45,000 of whom come across every night and day to drink, to see a movie, to visit Uncle Fritz. They see, they enjoy, they buy—at their own controlled rate of exchange—a trinket or a bright dress that their own seedy shops cannot provide; they go back and hope. They have seen no fear, no barbarism, only a vigorous, amusing kindly people wallowing in twentieth-century well-being and its flashing orgy of goods. West Berlin, we all know, is essential to our pride, our ideology, and to our world-wide reputation to take a stand at some point. East Berlin is useful to the Russians as a goad, an outpost which can keep itself by buying its materials and goods in the soft currency area of West Berlin and West Germany. It would cost the Russians more than they can afford to buy the means of life in the hard-currency area, to feed and sustain East Berlin as a full-time dependent.

### Stalemate—and Relaxed Berliners

Some people say that East Berlin is an albatross around the Russians' neck—an accursed burden of pride. All discussions of Berlin usually come down to this—to the impossibility that either side can forfeit its pride or lose face before the rest of the world. This—I must say—is a dreadful stalemate, which the Berliners themselves do not seem to feel. They live briskly and make droll jokes; not because they are insensitive but because, as one woman said, 'you can't live for sixteen years in crisis and tension'. So they are as relaxed as any people in Europe. Their stores are packed with delicious goods. They play and work hard and dance and laugh and love. Berlin is therefore, in a way, the worst place to sense the nuclear bomb that hangs over it. For we should not forget that the deliberate persistence by both sides in their pride of place is the landlubber's counterpart of the conscientiousness with which the skippers of the 'Andrea Doria' and the 'Stockholm' spotted each other's positions, plotted their journeys, and steered with great skill, on a collision course.—*Home Service*



## The Difficult Transition in Africa

## Tribalism and the Future

By DERRICK SINGTON

ON my first day in Rhodesia I used an opening gambit with my taxi-drivers, waiters, and hotel servants: I asked each of them to what tribe he belonged. Mashona, Nyanja, Matabele, Venda, Mashikunda—the fascinating list kept lengthening. Having met members of seven different tribes in three hours, I found my ability to memorize failing, and gave up.

This great number and variety of tribes is the structure of old Africa still intact, with the skin of a new life and institutions hanging only loosely on it. In villages in Northern Tanganyika people of the Warusha tribe glower if you suggest that the neighbouring Chagga, who are overcrowded might be allowed to buy land in less crowded Warusha areas. The Chagga, in their turn, watch, with resentment, the Masai pastoral nomads grazing their cattle wastefully over large areas of the plain reserved for the Masai tribe. In a Tanganyika school filled with Meru children there was recently a fuss because a child of the Ikoma tribe was admitted. In Nairobi taverns you can hear someone's bad behaviour attributed to his or her tribal origin. Some Kenya European farmers who employ Kikuyu labour would like to settle their labourers on land of their own. They dare not do so because the farms are in a Nandi tribal area, and the Nandi would not tolerate Kikuyu independent cultivators among them. Such clannishness and antagonism are not unfamiliar to Europeans—nearer home.

In Europe, as a sequel to national self-determination, whole peoples have glowered at, or assailed one another; and the emotions have been akin to tribal ones. A tribe, in fact, is just a small political unit. Yet African tribalism does mean excessive political fragmentation. And inefficiency and lack of co-operation result, in many fields, from African tribal antipathies and rivalries. Tribal prejudices are rejected by the younger African generation which is receiving modern education. But among the older people, and in vast areas hardly touched by modern civilization, the old ways of feeling and acting prevail. However, African national leaders in East Africa and Rhodesia are actively educating their peoples out of tribal prejudice, and the superstition connected with it, which hampers progress.

In Tanganyika the ruling Tanganyika African National Union (TANU) have done this re-educating so well that it is now quite common to hear backward tribespeople declare 'We are Tanganyikans'. TANU is working particularly hard in the Northern Province—where tribal feeling is strong—to teach a rational attitude towards elections and the franchise. The custom has been for voting to be on tribal lines, with the majority tribe voting only for fellow-tribesmen, and ignoring ability and qualifications among members of minority tribes. In the Warusha area only

Warusha could, until recently, be electoral candidates. The nationalist party workers of TANU claim that now, in the Northern Province their candidates get elected regardless of tribe. In one area recently the Eraq tribe actually asked an able member of another tribe, the Goroas, to be chairman of the local council, having opposed him in parliamentary elections. This effort of new African nationalist leaderships to replace tribalism by the national idea is valid and important. Because, after all, neither Christian

missionaries with their wider religion, nor British administrators, with their practical organizational aims, have truly succeeded in finding a replacement for the tribal idea.

In one Central African region, Barotseland, the encounter between modern African nationalism and tribalism is taking a different and sharper form. Barotseland, though constitutionally linked now to Northern Rhodesia, remains under a Paramount tribal ruler, Sir Mwanawina Lewanika. Barotseland also enjoys special identity under a Protectorate Treaty with Britain, and its ruler and his supporters seem resolved



Tribal meeting in a Kenya village

to maintain their special status under the sixty-year-old arrangements. The principal African Nationalist party of Northern Rhodesia—the United Independence Party (UNIP), led by Kenneth Kaunda—contains, however, several Barotse men among its leaders. UNIP would no doubt call the efforts it has made to convert the tribespeople of Barotseland from tribal allegiances to a wider Northern Rhodesian national loyalty 're-education', as TANU does, under very different conditions in Tanganyika. But the Barotse rulers consider UNIP 'subversive', and Kenneth Kaunda is forbidden entry to Barotseland. Here then, in somewhat the same way as in Uganda, a tribal system stands in opposition to modernizing nationalism. The Barotseland problem is a difficult one for the British Government as well as for the African leaderships involved. And the working out of it may soon become one of the important issues of Central Africa.

The basic policy of African nationalist leaders is to modernize tribal institutions in stages, by consent—as British administrators have been doing. At first, British indirect rule was based on 'leaving the tribal chiefs in charge'. Then, the urgency of economic and social progress compelled the creation of efficient local government. And this is being carried out in East and Central Africa, by adapting and transforming the old tribal chiefdoms. Near Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, I met a Chief who is now chairman of a partly elected local council. An old African in a bush-hat, thin as a rake, bare-legged, and in khaki shorts, he sat rolling cigarettes while we talked in his shack of a habitation. At the Native Authority office nearby, a small blockhouse in the tall grass, trained African clerks and treasurers were at work.

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# The Listener

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## Helping the Artist

**F**EW people, apart from disappointed bidders, can have objected to the fact that £140,000 was paid at Sotheby's last week for a portrait by Francesco Goya of the first Duke of Wellington. The high price is a tribute to the skill of Goya and the importance of the picture. But there has sometimes in recent years been a sense of bitterness among living artists, whenever the distinguished work of a painter of this century has changed hands in the sale-room for a sizeable amount of money and the painter in question is known to have died in poverty, or even to be still trying to eke out a paltry existence. This bitterness is understandable, yet it is extremely difficult to know how to prevent the situation that causes it recurring from time to time in a free society, or indeed how to modify any of the harsh economic conditions that oppress the life of an artist in Britain at the moment and which are sketched by Mr. Bryan Robertson in a stimulating talk that we print today.

Artists in Western Europe have not always starved in garrets. Indeed, the whole conception of the artist as an impoverished genius is something of a picturesque legend which can perhaps be traced back to the time of Rembrandt and owes much to the cult of self-consciousness in the arts developed by the romantic writers of the last century. Originally, the artist had a reasonably secure place in society as a member of a medieval guild. Then, in the heyday of aristocratic courts and academies the artist shared with the musician and actor the constant advantage of a trickle of benefit from above, so that we find an Italian art-historian of the sixteen-eighties, for instance, saying of Rembrandt's bankruptcy that this sort of occurrence is one that 'has very rarely been told of other painters'. Today, however, even the shadowy life of good and bad fortune led by Rembrandt might seem a luxury to many of our artists, who are probably worse off economically than they have ever been.

What then is to be done? Some artists may be able to help themselves by teaching, but Mr. Robertson explains in detail the destructiveness of this process; others can 'go commercial' by designing advertisements or becoming the servants of industrial firms, but both these courses generally end by robbing the artist of all freedom to develop his own personality, and both seem a pity when one remembers that even George Morland (according to his biographer Dawe) disliked working for gentlemen, 'not chusing to accommodate himself to the whims of his employers'. Much good work has been done both by the British Council and the Arts Council, as Mr. Robertson indicates, but there are many other calls on the attention and funds of both these bodies. Is there not a case here for direct government patronage? The case against it is generally thought to be formidable. However well-intentioned it would, it is suggested, inevitably lead to an uneven form of sponsoring and the encouragement of the work of certain artists at the expense of others. Therefore the effort must surely come from society itself. Only by a greater awareness of the fine arts and a realization that each of them is a living force can the conscience of society be stung to provide more liberally for the welfare of its artists. Such provision could come through increased grants to the Arts Council and the British Council, and more forward-looking patronage by local bodies, but best of all through a multiplication of private patronage, by people going out and buying for themselves a contemporary work of art.

## What They Are Saying

Berlin, neutrality and 'positive heroes'

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S 'FIRESIDE CHAT'—the first of its kind and so, in form at least, a compliment to the West—was followed by intensive Soviet broadcasting of foreign and domestic comment. Moscow home service devoted two entire bulletins to this. The head of a 'communist labour brigade' at a watch factory expressed approval of Mr. Khrushchev's peace proposals. A dairymaid thanked him for his fight for peace. An Armenian artist said he was convinced, on hearing Mr. Khrushchev, that reason and peace would prevail.

On the day Mr. Khrushchev spoke, the East German network broadcast an international press conference given by Herr Ulbricht. He did not answer the specific question put by one journalist, whether 'the urgency of a peace treaty' was connected with the flight of so many people from Eastern Germany, but he came back to this later. Herr Ulbricht said the 'enticing away of people' from East Berlin and Eastern Germany was 'one of the methods of the cold war'. He considered it 'a matter of course that the so-called refugee camps in West Berlin must be closed'. Those who simply wanted 'to change their place of residence' could do so, but 'in a lawful manner'. Herr Ulbricht said that at present, because of the occupation statute, 'the rule of law' did not apply to West Berlin. He told one correspondent that 'only after the end of the revanchist incitement campaign will the question of free movement [between the two parts of Germany] arise'. He added that 'what is allowed in West Berlin and what is not . . . will be laid down in the peace treaty'. Finally Herr Ulbricht declared that Eastern Germany would 'at all times respect the neutrality of West Berlin', since this was the first step towards the 'neutral Germany' at which it also aimed.

A Moscow commentary in English said there was 'an astounding unwillingness' in the Foreign Office to see that 'the world is divided into three basic groups of states'—Communist, Western, and the 'uncommitted states, whose role in the international arena is steadily heightening'. The refusal of Britain and the U.S.A. to recognize 'the equality of the sides in control over a nuclear ban' was becoming 'the main obstacle' on the way to clearing up the international situation.

Sofia radio quoted an article in a Bulgarian newspaper which accepted the existence of many neutral states—'primarily the countries to have emerged from the disintegration of the colonial system'—as an important factor in the world today. The newspaper, however, attacked certain unspecified neutrals for failing to support the Soviet Union's 'triumvirate' proposals for U.N. agencies, not voting for the admission of Communist China to the U.N., and not taking the right line over Cuba and the Congo:

It is as clear as daylight that the neutral states have an interest in struggling against imperialism and colonialism, whereas it is incompatible with their interests and policy of neutrality to declare themselves against the Soviet Union and the socialist countries.

Cairo's 'Voice of the Arabs' joined issue with the communists in a reply to Bucharest radio about a forthcoming conference:

... why does the conference of the non-aligned states hurt you? No doubt you desire to deceive the neutral states and to keep them apart from each other so that it may be easy for you to exploit their neutrality and non-alignment, and to bring them ultimately under communist influence and policy. But when peoples believe in neutrality and non-alignment, they do so not for the sake of the Soviet Union . . . but for the sake of their own freedom.

Moscow home service broadcast a talk by a Soviet playwright who said that he and his colleagues were 'deeply conscious of their responsibility to their times' and that 'today, on the eve of the 22nd Party Congress, all, literally all' had written or were writing plays on contemporary subjects. Nevertheless, playwrights and audiences were dissatisfied. 'Young people especially' wanted to see 'a real hero of our times' on the stage—'a man of toil who has reclaimed millions of hectares of virgin land, a man who has conquered space . . . a Party worker with an ardent Lenin heart'. Yet these 'positive heroes', said the speaker, were often boring, unrealistic, artistically weak and lacking in humour.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES



# Did You Hear That?

## A DISCOVERY IN THE ATTIC

THE TRUSTEES of the National Gallery in London announced last week the purchase by the Gallery of a 'Sunset Landscape with St. George and St. Anthony' by the Venetian painter Giorgione. The Director of the Gallery, SIR PHILIP HENDY, spoke about this new acquisition in 'New Comment' (Third Programme). In part of his broadcast Sir Philip said: 'The moment when this landscape was painted (about 1506) came more than a century before Rubens—still remembering Venetian colour—painted his passionate landscapes, and long before Van Goyen or the Ruysdaels painted the Dutch weather as they saw it. In Venice, where the buildings stand in water, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian dreamed their kind of landscape. They constructed it half out of reminiscences of the mainland and half out of their powers of idealization. They coloured it partly for the emotion they wished it to impart to the human drama to which it was always a background, partly for sheer brilliance.

'In the foreground of our picture, where the shadows are falling, an old man and a youth have sat down to rest. The grey-beard who has just filled his water-bottle and laid it with his staff on the ground, leans across the boy's legs to see what it is that he has seen. Out of the rather muddy water are emerging the head and shoulders of a little monster with a head like the skull of a bird and a muddy grey hide. Perhaps the picture once told us more about this distasteful creature because in the water above and behind it there is now, alas, a patch of restoration filling a hole in the canvas which was there when the picture was discovered in 1933. Our chief restorer, Arthur Lucas, thinks there may have been originally a monster nest on those little rocks of which only the reflection has survived. In cleaning the picture he has found traces of a similar creature and signs that the damage here may have been deliberate, as if what was there had got on someone's nerves. That may well be why a very long time ago the picture was banished to an attic.

'Its history is as mysterious as its subject, and almost as romantic. It seems to have gone entirely unrecorded. And yet the attic where it was found, rolled up, with two holes in the canvas and the paint peeling off and filthy, was part of the Villa Garzone in the Veneto; and this villa had belonged at one time to the Michiel family; and it was a member of this family, Marcantonio Michiel, whose notes, made only a few years after Giorgione's death, give us the first scholarly information that we have about his works.

'We all know these so-called discoveries in the attic. But this, the one real Giorgione find of this century, was made and described by the late Professor Giulio Lorenzetti, author of the great guide to Venice and at that time Director of the Correr Museum. Lorenzetti, whose word cannot be questioned, protested later against the licence which was given for the picture's export. That was obtained when the canvas had been lined but the paint-film was still dirty and most summarily restored. After



'Sunset Landscape with St. George and St. Anthony', by Giorgione: a painting which has been bought by the National Gallery in London

that it was cleaned and restored cleverly before it was sent to London. And here it remained, in the Pall Mall Safe Deposit, a mystery for more than twenty years. Then, in 1955, it emerged, to be seen by the public for the first time, at the enormous Giorgione Exhibition in Venice. There it was hailed as Giorgione's work by very nearly every writer who can be considered competent to pronounce, and its export in 1933 was bitterly deplored. There was one big difficulty about the picture in the minds of many people: the restorer had done his work too well. The picture looked like one in uniformly sound condition, which needed only the removal of a discoloured varnish. Yet people remembered that soon after its discovery a photograph had been

reproduced in the *Illustrated London News* (November 4, 1933) showing it as it was then: so dirty that in this reproduction there was not much to be seen but the holes. Consequently in Venice the restorer got credit for having done a good deal of Giorgione's painting. We have now removed all the discoloured varnish and much of the old restoration. The new restoration should not be too difficult to detect; but we have also hung in the same room at the National Gallery an X-radiograph which shows the topography of the damage.



Cow parsley in a hedgerow

Ben Darby

## UMBELLIFERS

'The roadsides and hedgebanks of Britain where the growth has been left uncut have a dusty, shabby look now', said HARRY SOAN in 'Today' (Home Service), 'as though yards of grubby, tattered old lace had been thrown over the green grass. This dingy look is caused by a class of plants known as umbellifers—a word that comes from umbel and indicates a flower cluster



formed round a common stalk. They belong to a large family—over fifty of them and nearly twenty-five are common. Among the commonest of the common are hogweed, and hemlock, cow-parsley, hedge-parsley, fool's parsley, wild carrot, and earthnut.

'Of these, hemlock is interesting because it is thought to be the source of the poison Socrates took to end his life. At any rate, our hemlock is poisonous, and you will recognize it for having dingy white flowers, a hollow, purple-spotted stem, and an unpleasant smell when bruised. So far as I know, it is the only umbellifer which has these three in combination.

'Fool's parsley, too, is poisonous. It is more common on arable and garden land than elsewhere. When young it bears a resemblance to the edible garden parsley and can be mistaken for it. Its root looks like a pale radish. Like hemlock, it has an unpleasant odour when bruised. Animals seldom touch it, and if it gets into hay it is fairly harmless, because its poisonous substance does not survive drying, so the chief casualties are human beings.

'The earthnut, a plant of fields and woods, is interesting because its root is edible. One botany book that I have says that the gift for finding this root is confined chiefly to children and to pigs—by no means the only thing they have in common from what I remember of my childhood as seen by the adults in it. For one element in my childhood, anyway, I shall always be grateful to the umbellifers: out of their hollow stems I must have made hundreds of thousands of whistles, whistles that shattered the peace of the countryside, fretted the neighbours, and even made the deaf to hear. Whatever inhibitions build up when children are kept as quiet as mice they never had a chance to build up in me'.

### A BORN STORY-TELLER

'Like many Victorians, my father, Rider Haggard, took himself much too seriously, and saw everything a bit larger than life', said LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'In his loves and loyalties, his triumphs and failures, his sorrows and personal shortcomings, he scaled precarious heights and plumbed depths which are spared to ordinary humdrum mortals.

'Partly, I think, this was the result of circumstances and experiences in his early life, partly his emotional heritage. His great-great-grandmother was an Amyand, a member of a family which infused into my steady-going, land-loving yeoman ancestors a wildness, a mental brilliance, and a restless questing instability of temperament. But on the whole he thoroughly enjoyed life, could be a gay and charming companion and in his own fashion extremely amusing. He had also a penetrating and sometimes devastating intuition about men and matters which assorted ill with his (in some ways) oddly child-like nature.

'In his psychological make-up there were things which many people do not even guess at: the old savage primitive urges of nature worship, the fear of some demoniacal force whose power and depth might easily become beyond human resistance; his belief that all

life was indestructible and that a love beyond our comprehension would ultimately solve all problems and all riddles, if only it was held fast. Much of the pattern of these partly unconscious beliefs can be traced over and over again in his books, and also in those symbolic dark and fair women playing out the battle of good and evil in the heart of man.

'There is no doubt also that he had an odd intuitive understanding of ancient civilizations and savage peoples; and this enabled him, without the knowledge of a serious scholar, to create an atmosphere which much impressed real students of the periods he wrote about. This ability to project himself convincingly into a fantastic past carried his readers with him into an alien world because to him it was reality. But, putting aside all the mysterious significance of "She-who-must-be-obeyed", there is, I think, one reason why my father's books still sell by the hundred thousand: he was a born story-teller with a magnificent imagination'.



Sir Henry Rider Haggard

### LOCKS AND KEYS

At Willenhall, in Staffordshire, a museum has recently been opened with the aim of preserving the heritage of local craftsmanship in the matter of locks and keys. MICHAEL BARRATT described some of the exhibits in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'There is one lock, for instance', he said, 'technically a rim lock with a dead bolt, that has 40,320 combinations. Hand-wrought in brass and steel its key has the same number of combinations, fashioned with a precision that owes nothing to modern techniques. It was made at the beginning of this century by George Spencer, one of the town's greatest craftsmen, whose son still runs one of the hundred or so lock-and-key factories in Willenhall. But the lock is much more than an example of unmatched craftsmanship: it is a permanent memorial also to the intense personal pride that men like George used to take in their work. For, like some other exhibits, it was never intended to be anything more than proud proof of what could be achieved with limitless patience and skill.

'Among the padlocks on show is one with a set of twelve different keys. Any of the keys will open and close the lock; but once you have locked it with one key no other will unlock it. Yet another padlock incorporates a floating tooth, so that its key will work only if the lock is held at a particular angle. The biggest lock in the museum weighs one and a quarter hundredweight; the smallest is a silver padlock measuring only an eighth of an inch across its face—and it works. One of the oldest exhibits is a night latch which is labelled "possibly English/Elizabethan". The clue to its age is a cockspur at the end of the bolt, and this is a clue to its place of origin, too, because Willenhall and the Black Country was in those days a Mecca of the cock-fighting fraternity. There is an impressive display of new locks for the doors of prison cells. As a steel peg clanks into three positions marked "shut", "lock", and then "double-lock", one feels that this would surely have puzzled Houdini himself'.



'She paused, and the infinite tenderness in her voice seemed to hover round us like a memory'

An illustration from Rider Haggard's *She*



# An Artist in our Time

By BRYAN ROBERTSON

**M**ORE precisely, an English artist. Before we examine his intentions let me outline some of his material problems. They begin very early in his life and are likely to settle like a vague thunder-cloud over his consciousness. He finds himself born into a society which does not quite accept him unless he becomes rich very quickly, or provides endearing or diverting material for the gossip columns. For he doesn't clock in or clock out anywhere; he doesn't report to anybody. His solitary ordeal in the studio is an unknown quantity. In fact, in a puritan society he is not doing a serious man's job. So that although this young artist may get a little sympathy and nervous encouragement from his family circle, there will be some wringing of hands in the background and he will have to fight the guilty sensation that in becoming an artist he is evading the real problems of life and the task of making the grade according to the Joneses.

## England's Tepid Mental Climate

This same English society, although wonderfully free and flexible in many ways, often exudes a tepid and genteel mental climate. The artist has to fight against this as well; and come to painful terms with the fact that this society is also about fifty years behind in taste or any recognition of the creative pulse of the moment. It will only accept a popularized and diluted version of art: the real thing is still much too awkward and unfamiliar for a public that is increasingly conditioned to vulgarization at all levels of taste.

The insidious pull towards mediocrity is carried one stage further at art school. For here our hypothetical artist will not find himself in a great *atelier*, presided over by a genius—whom he can learn from by practice, or react violently against in theory, and still learn—but an *institution*, a school, with hundreds of other students: all of them taught by artists who have sometimes only just, themselves, attained a moderate degree of competence. And these students are being trained for more teaching posts, for that is almost the only way an artist can get a fixed income, however modest, when he leaves art school. He will find little outlet in commercial art in this country. Scholarships will only postpone his problems.

And so we are producing thousands of art teachers. Maybe they can help to raise the level of visual education in this country, in time; but teaching emasculates the creative force of an artist. It brings in a little money, and perhaps it provides a community or fraternity for artists to move about in, in this society which makes them feel rather isolated—but teaching really has nothing to do with an artist's life or essential train of thought. For most artists with a real creative drive, it is a time-devouring irrelevance.

## Meagre Reward for Three Years' Work

While our hypothetical artist is teaching and just managing to keep afloat—for he is not usually paid in the long holidays—he is of course working for an exhibition. After three years' work, he will be ready for it. The exhibition may even be a reasonable success, with £1,500 worth of paintings sold for modest prices. By the time he has paid a framing bill, covered the cost of materials and handed over a third of the takings, as commission to his dealer, this lucky artist may have about £600 left. That is £200 a year for three years' work. Not as much as a dustman. And the total sum of £1,500 taxed as one year's earned income. Not much left to share out among a wife and children. And how does he get to Italy or Greece for six months? For if the English mental climate is sometimes rather dispiriting, it is surpassed only by the dull English physical climate. The lack of light and sun make it imperative for an English artist to get abroad from time to time. He must get out into the world, for he needs visual

stimulation, not a soporific. But unless somebody backs him financially and sends him abroad, he will find foreign travel, let alone foreign residence, a tough proposition.

Things have improved, of course, in the past few years. Some dealers are willing to place an artist under contract and pay him a fixed annual retainer. This is precious to an artist, for at least he knows what he can do and how he can live from one year to another. But these retaining fees, sometimes generous—almost as much as a city business man can earn—have their problems. For the artist may find himself at one end of a conveyor belt: turning out commodities which his dealer can market, with a subtle pressure on him to keep to what is immediately marketable and not to experiment.

And yet every artist must have the precious right to go off colour for a while, to decline in creative vitality, or simply be allowed to feel tired or lazy. For an artist works long hours: all his intelligence goes into his work even when he is not actually in his studio. A creative mind never stops work. But what dealer will have the resources, and the courage, to allow for all this—to countenance long phases of inactivity or dull work; or to allow difficult work to continue which is entirely unmarketable? He has to get his money back. Will he postpone that exhibition, out of kindness and understanding for the artist? I doubt it. He will probably refuse to handle work for which there is no immediately foreseeable market. On the other hand, if the existing work declines for a while, he will probably hang it up and say 'These are so-and-so's best pictures to date'. For the market awaits its commodity: the machine is set.

## Supporters—and Sharks

In case this sounds unfair to dealers, let me say at once that there are several in England who have done heroic work in supporting and encouraging young artists and continue to do so; but I am concerned here with the other sharks who wait until an artist's reputation is made and international market connexions are in existence, and then move in, as uncreative opportunists.

An artist is not usually exposed to these particular temptations and pressures until he is over forty or so, however; and by then he is extremely thankful for the exposure. Temptation at last. And artists do not waste time by speculation along these lines; if they are any good they are obsessed only by their work. But these conditions affect, very adversely, the mental climate in which a man works, and sometimes they are corrupting.

In the meantime, a young artist has other sources of patronage. The Arts Council will tour his pictures round England and may even buy one; the British Council may send his pictures abroad. In England, the Arts Council has done magnificent work since the war in making art available to people, often for the first time. But the Council does not spend nearly enough money on the artists themselves. The proportion of money spent on temporary exhibitions is infinitely greater than that spent on buying or commissioning works of art. It is safer for it to be so, of course; because if people dislike an exhibition of abstract sculpture, the officials can say 'Well, it's only on for another two weeks, dear taxpayer, and then there's an exhibition of Swedish needlework, or Mexican woodcuts'. If the same taxpayers are confronted with an immense modern sculpture implacably sited in the centre of St. James's Square, and it is going to be there for ever, there might be trouble. Safer to keep the ball rolling and remain uncommitted.

So that although our artists' work is *borrowed* much more than it used to be, and made indirect use of, it is still not *bought* enough. There is a real danger of art turning into an extension of free or cheap indoor entertainment, with the artist as a tame, unpaid performer. And the temporary exhibition world in some ways heightens the sense of unreality which afflicts many people



when they see modern art, for they only come across it inside the safe but clinical, artificial, framework of a temporary show. They are not exposed to it enough in life to get used to it. It is always so remote. Our provincial public galleries are bad offenders in their almost total failure to add modern works of art to their permanent collections. They do practically nothing for living art.

But our young artist may still hope for foreign recognition and perhaps even material success abroad. There he stands on the cliffs of Dover, hopefully scanning the horizon and looking towards France, Germany, Italy, *America*. Behind him is a difficult mental and physical climate, a mildly reproachful family upbringing, an empty bank account and the fatigue of teaching when all he wants are privacy and time. And so the young artist looks towards a foreign market and perhaps foreign understanding. Many artists of real importance in this country are almost entirely dependent on the money that their work earns abroad: if they had to wait for English recognition and sales, they would starve. They look often to America, where informed taste is more energetic, and *in the present*, than in England; and less cluttered by a nostalgic and usually inaccurate sense of the past.

If the British Council, which organizes abroad exhibitions of work by English artists, will send an artist's work overseas, it is clearly very helpful, for this adds to his public—and here there may be some dealers who will later show his work and sell it. But our artist has problems here, too. First, the work of the British Council in the fine arts is slow; though they get through a great deal abroad, and on a modest budget. An artist may have to wait years before his work can be exhibited abroad under these auspices. And this is not the real problem.

For the work of any organization that tries to transmit English art abroad is increasingly forced to fit in with fashion. Because it is obviously agreeable if the art that you send abroad happens to win prizes: it turns art into an extension, almost, of diplomatic activity, for international prestige and cultural standing.

### International Values

This brings the artist's work up against international values and standards. Extremely healthy and salutary, in some respects; very silly and irrelevant in other ways. Of course, no artist of real ability works inside a national or regional vacuum. The barriers have been down for years, to allow a free flow of communication in style. Art books, reproductions, and scores of travelling exhibitions make isolation difficult. And every period in art has an additional vocabulary, sometimes a real enrichment of language, which all artists draw from. But, more practically, it usually means that one artist has an idea and a lot of other artists copy it. They sometimes make that idea more acceptable, or more plausible, or prettier. But less authentic.

Every now and then the dissemination of that idea becomes generally acceptable to the officials and promoters. This is what art *looks like*, they say, and if it does not look like this, perhaps it isn't good art. Sometimes they even recognize the originator of this common impulse, but not always. The all-pervading style is the thing. It is a great comfort to a modish and simple intelligence. And work has to be judged abroad by international juries who are torn between being hell-bent on acquiring national prestige for their own countries, and blindly subscribing to the accepted notion of what art should look like in general at that particular moment.

The result of all this is that a certain kind of painting and sculpture is now being produced all over the world which is competent, technically adroit, quite sensitive and intelligent—and utterly meaningless. It is without any spiritual roots, let alone regional ones, without direction, or depth, or sexuality, or any true imaginative spark. Gertrude Stein once said of a Derain painting: 'It looks like a modern but it smells of the academy'. A lot of modern art looks free, inventive and independent but it smells of a new orthodoxy, a new academy. It is sterile.

And so our hopeful young artist will find new conformist pressures even in this field. If he has the confidence of real talent he will ignore them. But the pressures and the rewards are at once insistent and weighty.

The vacuity on the international scene is a reflection of two other issues, very much alive to a young artist at this moment.

First, the confusion between being an artist, an *inventor*, and being a *performer*. Picasso is the original culprit here: painting for the movie cameras, shifting in style every few months or so, playing ducks and drakes with the history of art—with Picasso, a formidable genius, all this is healthy, lively, extroverted, and always creative. But few artists have his genius, or his stamina; and their work falls apart in the attempt to remove his presence or his example from the scene. Picasso is no longer much of an influence, art has moved on to other speculations—but his example still haunts the minds of many artists, ambitious for the wrong sleight-of-hand and the wrong kind of applause. Artists should not *perform*, for what begins as magic can end as conjuring tricks. For the middle-men and promoters, the genuine magic is still hard to comprehend, let alone recognize. But the conjuring tricks are great fun, and easier on the mind.

### Nationalist Art a Contradiction in Terms

The second confusion springs from that awful word, nationalism. This is a discredited, almost a dirty word, for it is bound up with sad memories of war, power politics and the idiocies of international statesmanship. And nationalist art is of course an utter contradiction in terms: for Goya and Rembrandt, Bonnard and Brancusi are there for all of us to see and love, and to enhance our sensation of life. But how can you deny the Spanishness of Goya or the Frenchness of Bonnard? I cannot believe that something from an artist's sky, and light, and terrain, and physical environment, doesn't illuminate his work, however indirectly. But you find now that an artist is pleased if you admire his painting and talk to him of your pleasure, but his face will cloud over with irritation if you go further and say that his painting also seems very English, or Dutch, or Italian. Because he thinks you are saying that his work is also very provincial. And provincialism in art today means the slavish copying of something that is happening at another source—and there is a lot of this, masquerading under the guise of emancipated international art.

The paradox shows itself most clearly in the United States. In the nineteen-forties and early 'fifties, I believe that the most exciting work in painting was going on in the States. This work was vigorous and inventive. The Americans are understandably rather proud of what happened, after years of inferiority complex over European art. But now, with one and the same breath, the Americans will not allow that their art is specifically American—for art is beyond frontiers and knows no constraints—and then say, more or less, that American art *as a specific entity* sets the pace for the rest of the world, pre-eminently over all other schools.

The young artist, therefore, has to be clear about his place in the scheme of things and where he stands. And he must be extremely sure of his own identity and what that identity feeds upon. The art of other men, though sometimes comforting and stimulating, will only be a pre-digested, pre-packaged form of nourishment. If he feeds on it too much, his own work will be like a forced growth, lacking totally in real vitality or depth.

But I am concerned here with a young artist of integrity, with talent and vision to match it. Somehow, he will survive and persist with his work. What is he trying to do, in our epoch?

### The Dispersal of Set Traditions

In fighting against the weight of the past, his knowledge of the total history of art, the artist is in another paradoxical situation. For with this knowledge comes the fact that set traditions in art have dispersed. The field is wonderfully, and alarmingly, open. But he can still draw from legend and mythology, with a mind freshly attuned to the discoveries of psychology and the inner meaning of ritual. He can use in his painting any known shapes or emblems which have meaning for him. He can incorporate into his work those new forms discovered for us by scientists and biochemists. He can make abstract graphs for the structure of objects, and for movement in space, or the expression of energy. Form and its activity can be reduced to the simplest essentials.

He can concentrate on minute aspects of nature, in close-up. He can fuse together multiple aspects of one image, as those



aspects may exist in reality, and re-integrate them at another level of meaning. All this can be done to get at visual truth and to revivify tradition. In doing so, an artist has to keep the history of art firmly in its place, by raiding it and taking from it whatever he wants at a given moment.

Above all, an artist in our time can reaffirm the *primitive* nature of the *act* of painting, or making sculpture. For graphic marks and signs came before speech, as we know it. There were hieroglyphs before there were words. And art has been in danger, for some time, of losing this sense of primitive urgency. It became overloaded with associations and ideals outside itself. For the whole point of art has always been to express something that is inexpressible in other terms. Art is what lies behind the words or beyond the conscious thought. In art, at this moment, even the landscape is being reformed so as to carry the weight of the inflexions, the associations, and the gestures of human life. The figure and the landscape are becoming unified at a new spiritual altitude—a fresh synthesis between man and nature. This is partly exorcism and partly exploration (as I have tried to

explain in a study of Jackson Pollock). The sagging movement, the sudden tautness, or the rhythm of the land itself in an abstract painting which comes from landscape—or out of a human situation—can tell us a lot about the artist in that landscape or situation, his character and state of mind, his reactions to life and nature.

Like scientists, our artists are revealing new truths to us. Artists only *record* indirectly; mostly they perform an act of revelation. They have to work at a high mental pitch and, like scientists, their work needs great physical and mental strength and entire dedication. We do not, I think, do much to help them. We are still rather ignorant and mean about art. Sir Charles Snow has complained about the gulf between the scientist and the artist. If we gave one jot of the attention and money that we lavish on scientists to a few artists this gulf might become narrower. How many of us realize that if the work of the greatest living sculptor, Henry Moore, were to stop, tomorrow, there would only be two examples of his work left in public sites in London? And both in an American building?

—Based on a talk in the Home Service

## The Democracy of the Dial

By KENNETH ADAM, Director of Television Broadcasting, B.B.C.

THE 'democracy of the dial' is a phrase which epitomizes the argument of those in, or interested in, television in the United States who oppose any regulation of programme content, and particularly that kind of regulation by government agency or by an overseer of the industry for which Mr. Newton Minow and Mr. Leroy Collins are now commonly supposed to stand. The reaction of the broadcasters to the disconcerting attacks on the 'vast wasteland' of television programmes by Mr. Minow and Mr. Collins, heads respectively of the Federal Communications Commission and the National Association of Broadcasters, on which I reported in *THE LISTENER* of June 8, has turned out in the end to be more cautious than at first seemed likely. Indignation was checked when large numbers of viewers became actively enthusiastic at the prospect of better programmes. Moreover, it was by no means certain that this new Federal Communications Commission/National Association of Broadcasters alliance, unholy though it might be, would not put up a bandwagon worth climbing on. So network chiefs either hid behind the necessity to 'continue to study the implications', or dubbed the new line 'courageous', a splendidly uncommitted word.



'Bilko', one of the American comedy-shows which has been seen on B.B.C. Television: centre is Phil Silvers as Sergeant Ernie Bilko



'The Untouchables', 'generally regarded as the most unpleasant and indubitably the most popular example' of the trend in 'gunslingers'

Madison Avenue, never at a loss, said of Mr. Minow: 'He certainly touched all the bases, but he kicked some of them harder than deserved'. (Baseball provides more metaphors for Madison than cricket for Montgomery.) Even London, according to *Variety*, that always indispensable if often incomprehensible American magazine of show business, is 'applying the Minow touch to programme plotting'. A certain British television programme company which has an American subsidiary has announced a series on Sir Francis Drake, 'dialogue and plots strictly on the adult level'; another called 'Khyber Pass', to be 'a Himalaya Gunsmoke'; and a third, 'atmospheric and period', entitled 'Terror'. 'The programme policy approach was in line with the New Frontier views'. Swift and pervasive are American pressures, it would seem. Finally, there is always the Washington lobby, very responsive to arguments against 'regulation'. Indeed one of the few pieces of the President's so far surprisingly successful domestic plan which seems likely to fall out is the idea of giving the F.C.C. Chairman much more actual power. Even his fellow Commissioners spoke out against this one.

Meanwhile the schedules which will make up the 'democracy of the dial' for the autumn and winter evenings are almost complete and already published. Business is brisk; the advertisers



have 'nailed down their slots', the keyword for programming is 'balance', and, all in all, the pattern looks much the same as it did last year. The most important development is the increase of one-hour films over the half-hours which were standard for so long. Something over fifty a week on the three networks will occupy two-thirds of the peak hours. This is not because programmes at an hour (fifty minutes, in fact, plus advertisements) are better entertainment than at half an hour (twenty-five minutes, in fact). They began because, as narrative programmes, they could by careful placing run over the opening of a very popular half-hour show on another channel, and so keep its audience away from it. Now, with so many 'sixty-minuters', the 'webs' (*Variety* for networks) are said to have 'checkmated themselves to death'. This may be, but the hour, which is unlikely to be bought in its entirety by a single sponsor, has given the networks a chance to challenge the supremacy of the advertising agencies. Buying time in smaller units, the latter have less control. A breakdown of a one-hour Western I watched recently showed that no fewer than fourteen different products were involved. Some of these — for bread, muffins, and salted biscuits, for instance — seemed to be internally competitive, and the advantage of playing off one sponsor against another is qualified if the broadcaster finds time on his hands. Once again, even in the new situation, he must at least play safe with the programmes themselves. A network executive put it this way to me: 'We only gamble on certainties'.

In any case, the variety of the programmes is reduced automatically because the format of the famous comedy-shows of the last few years (examples known in Britain are 'Bilko', 'I Love Lucy', Burns and Allen, Jack Benny) cannot effectively be extended beyond half an hour.

Westerns too are on the way out. A few, like *Wells Fargo*, are being blown up to an hour. But most of the intrepid gunfighters of the last five years are out of 'chaps' and into cabaret already, and the vicarious thrills that went with retreat into a history invented by the scriptwriters are exhausted. 'The Real West', the debunking programme which had Gary Cooper superbly and ironically in his final role, was even more successful in the United States than when the B.B.C. showed it, and helped to banish Wyatt Earp and Maverick and their colleagues from prime time. But murder and mayhem will still flourish. The gangsters of the nineteen-twenties, their nationality suitably disguised to prevent giving offence to the Italian community, will replace the hipless young heroes from Wichita and Abilene, and the sagebrush landscape with its galloping, dusty riders will give way to battles in sinister warehouses on the waterfront, and automobile chases down rainy city streets. (If only the stage coach had carried a siren, it might have made the grade for a year or two longer.) Anyway, gunslingers, shoot-em-downs, private eyes and 'Feds' will be present in greater numbers than ever before, and 'The Untouchables', generally regarded as the most unpleasant and indubitably the most popular example of the trend, will be copied in at least four other series. The latest refinement which has been noted is that violence is now offered to women and not only to men. As one lady member of a network acceptance department put it: 'Violence may be less, but sex is here to stay'.

These 'action-adventures' are made in Hollywood. The networks themselves produce the programmes of information and what they call 'public affairs' which last season were more numerous in peak time than ever before, and which will be renewed, if not increased. Viewers in Britain have had an opportunity of seeing the best of these and know how good

they can be. It must be stated that they are the best. Much worthy but stumbling work in this field also finds its way on to the American screen. The unevenness is partly due to the greatly increased demand for current affairs after the payola and 'quiz' scandals. Apart from a few great figures in commentary and production, there was comparatively little expertise since there had been little demand to create it. It is characteristic, however, of the extraordinary vitality and richness of American journalism, in the broadest sense, that so many good men and so many good programmes have emerged in so few months, and that the old masters, such as Ed Murrow, a voice now corporate and official (as head of the United States Information Agency), instead of personal and undivided, are being rapidly overhauled.

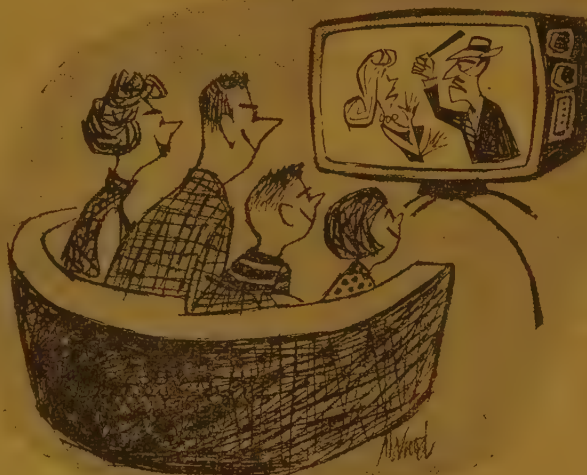
The networks are here locked in a battle of which nothing but good can come. N.B.C. News, under the tough, shrewd, imaginative hand of William McAndrew, has proved so highly professional and so demonstrably able to live up to its slogan of 'first with the news' that C.B.S. has been shaken into a complete overhaul of its news operation, which if its past pre-eminence is anything to go by, may soon begin to catch up on N.B.C. again. Its overseas correspondents are a notable team. Meanwhile A.B.C., flushed with the success of 'The Valiant Years', has hired Jim Hagerty, General Eisenhower's press secretary, to head its Current Affairs Division, and their serious intention may be judged from their coverage of the President's recent visit to Europe, when they deployed more men and more resources, including Mr. Hagerty himself, than either of the other two networks.

Does the audience respond? Little, and slowly. Up against 'Gunsmoke' and 'The Untouchables', which regularly top the

rating charts, the two best documentary series notched about an eighth of the audience. Cynics suggest these informational offerings are no more than an 'image scrimmage', or 'Minow posies' (*Variety* for 'race for respectability'); the motive is thought by American newspaper critics to be unimportant if viewers get the reality of the 'touchables' as an alternative to the rating blockbusters, and the networks have, as I said, declared their intention of soldiering on in the autumn.

A big exception to the public indifference about public affairs is the President's press conference, now often carried instantaneously over television and radio. A part of one or more of the first three conferences televised was seen by 67 per cent. of U.S. homes. The rare attraction of having live television again may account for some of the enthusiasm, but the President himself, earnest, personable, swift thinking, and the crises which have bestrewn his path since January, make very good viewing. The introduction of live television cameras into this hallowed Washington institution, this privileged meeting of Chief Executive and correspondents, has not gone uncriticized. One gruff old hand wrote it down as 'the goofiest idea since the hula-hoop'. 'Off the cuff Government' was another warning. Older newsmen preferred the days when they crowded round Roosevelt's desk in bantering intimacy to the vast auditorium in the new State Department Building with its blazing lights and battery of cameras and directional microphones. 'Asking questions here is like making love in Grand Central Station', was the comment of one of them. Then, unused to the conventions of the occasion, television viewers in their thousands wrote to the White House complaining that the reporters did not treat Mr. Kennedy with sufficient respect. They were shocked that he should be bawled at for his attention, and by the toughness of the questioning.

The President himself, and his grey eminence, Press Secretary



'The latest refinement . . . is that violence is now offered to women and not only to men'



Salinger, are in no doubt at all of the success of the innovation. One writer said: 'Television has proved about as hazardous for Kennedy as water for a fish'. He intends to go on standing up in the arc lights on this elevated stage answering the questions of 400 newsmen in front of the nation. It has become a fixture,

part of the machine for bringing government and electorate closer together. And for the time being, anyway, Mr. Kennedy is as popular as Jim Hardie or Marshal Dillon.

*A third article by Mr. Adam will be published in a future number of THE LISTENER*

## Sigmund Freud in his Letters

By STUART HAMPSHIRE

**B**IOGRAPHICAL truth is not to be had'. This was Freud's belief, more than once expressed in his letters, now selected and edited by Ernst Freud\*. But at least historical myths can be destroyed. Freud's personality has become the centre of myth, and it is not difficult to see why. His thought, and his science, are now entering a testing period, at least in the West and outside the Communist world. They are finally coming out of the shadows of a special clinical environment towards the centre of ordinary political and moral arguments. The general significance of his claims will have to be assessed in the coming years. But it is always difficult to wait, to suspend judgment, and to look at the evidence impersonally. Therefore a commonplace, easily understood picture of the man is formed and diffused: the picture of a nineteenth-century materialist, a scientific optimist, claiming to have discovered a path to general salvation, omniscient and all powerful. It is a false picture; indeed in some respects it is the very reverse of the truth, or of such fragments of the truth as we can now see. The letters show this, as did Ernest Jones's biography. There is a characteristic tone everywhere noticeable in Freud's writing, whether in these letters or in his books and his papers, a sombre tone of resignation, of disillusionment, of disappointment, even of a quiet bitterness, as of a man early exiled from hope. 'In my youth I was never young', he writes in one of his letters. It is as if he had from the beginning found his own life disappointing, inferior to the demands that he had first made upon it. In the arrangement of this book of letters, we pass from a long series of love letters to Martha Bernays before their marriage, during the years of Freud's struggle for professional and financial security, his work with Charcot, to the early discoveries with Breuer and then on to the triumphant *The Interpretation of Dreams* in 1900.

### Unelated by Success

The very early letters show a rough, strong, unnaturally mature person, energetic and undeceived, hardened against prejudice, deeply, and sometimes bitterly, preoccupied with money, home, security. From the very beginning he mocks ambition, even scientific ambition. Later he refuses to be elated by his own manifest successes, and he is often gruff and awkward in the face of his admirers. There is always something defensive about this mockery, and at the same time there is a genuine disillusionment. 'Among my worst qualities', he writes, 'is a certain indifference to the world', and he writes also of 'a certain crust of indifference'. One can sense this underlying indifference in these letters, in a rough, cynic tone that is sometimes very like that of Flaubert's letters. The denial of any exaltation in living, and even in the processes of discovery, seems to have become more pronounced with the years. The feeling of the letters suggests the very opposite of the conventional picture of a confident, nineteenth-century rationalist and materialist; his affinities are rather with the disabused and ironical Viennese writers of the end of the century: with Schnitzler and with Stefan Zweig, and in Germany with Thomas Mann. And if one thinks of philosophy at all when reading these letters, one thinks of Schopenhauer.

But Freud himself distrusted, and even despised, philosophy, and despised the impulse in men from which it apparently comes: the desire for a synthesis, for some single key that will unlock all the doors to natural knowledge. He distrusted

monistic thinking, all-embracing theories. They will only be the expression of the author's psychic needs, disguised as objective truth: and to him therefore repellent and weak, because of this disguise. The advance of knowledge calls, not for synthesis, but for analytical thinking, for the breaking-down of phenomena into their parts, for a minute attention to detail. 'Metaphysics', he writes, 'is a survival from the period of the religious *Weltanschauung*'. And the force of the word 'religious' here is that a metaphysical synthesis is consoling—softly consoling, but a consoling illusion. We cannot comfortably live with our own acknowledged ignorance, in an undisguised, untamed, untidy, unsystematized universe.

### 'A Small Fragment of Truth'

Towards the end of his life, as reflected in these letters, Freud would often be approached with suggestions for psychological answers to the world's problems, for some hopeful panacea that would transform human nature; indeed the suggestions, in their vagueness and generality, remind one of the popular neo-Freudians today. But Freud's replies are bleak and discouraging, and even contemptuous. Certainly he never at any time thought of his new science as providing answers to all humanity's ills, at least in its present state or in any clearly foreseeable future. Nor did he think that the form of this science had been finally determined: He writes:—'Of one thing I am absolutely certain: there are certain things we cannot know now'. And again: 'I have surely not discovered more than a small fragment of truth . . . perhaps the psychology of the future will explain the workings of the mind by chemical processes: meanwhile, we must be content with what we have—the evidence of analysis'.

Throughout these letters one sees his need to check enthusiasm, premature optimism, that rushing forward of the mind towards omnipotent solutions. Let me quote again, this time from a letter to Groddeck in 1917:

Why do you plunge . . . into mysticism, cancel the difference between psychological and physical phenomena, and commit yourself to philosophical themes that are not called for? Let us grant to nature her infinite variety which rises from the inanimate to the organically animated, from the just physically alive to the spiritual. No doubt the Unconscious is the right mediator between the physical and mental. . . . But just because we have recognized this at last, is that any reason for refusing to see anything else? I am afraid that you are a philosopher as well and have the monistic tendency to disparage all the beautiful differences of nature in favour of tempting unity. But does this help to eliminate the differences?

'The infinite variety' and 'the beautiful differences of nature'—these phrases are not the phrases of a scientific optimist. Again of himself he writes:

I so rarely feel the need for synthesis. The unity of this world seems to me something self-understood, something unworthy of emphasis. What interests me is the separation and breaking-up of what would otherwise flow together into a primeval pulp.

He hated this pulp—anything that was soft, that is not ordered, divided, and hardly tested knowledge.

### Character—More than Intellect

In a letter written towards the end of his life, Freud remarks that his achievement was more an achievement of character than of intellect. There is a sense in which this is certainly true, and in



which it is true of most great writers and originators, when one carefully examines their lives. There has to be the drawing inwards of energy, the ruthlessness towards individuals, the persistence through suffering, and the acceptance of loneliness in work. Do any of the sources of this character appear in these letters? There are, I think, some partial suggestions. First, Freud's conception of himself as a father and leader, as a man of power, indeed as the figure of Moses. In this connexion there is a most revealing early letter to Martha Bernays on John Stuart Mill and the subjection of women. He writes:

It seems a completely unrealistic notion to send women into the struggle for existence in the same way as men. Am I to think of my delicate, sweet girl as a competitor? . . . I will make every effort to get her out of the competitive role into the quiet undisturbed activity of my home.

### The Unalterable, Ancient Father

The note of masculine dominance and mastery here is characteristic; certainly it occurs in many places. This theme of the unalterable ancient father, noticed in Ernest Jones's biography, recurs at different points—for instance, in a moving letter to Max Eitingon in 1922:

So I suggest that we continue our relationship, which has developed from friendship to sonship, until the end of my days. Since you were the first to come to the lonely man, you may as well stay with him to the last.

He had to think of himself as the solitary leader, the Moses who might be left by his followers, and of course he understood this necessity in himself:

I am compelled to go my own way, often a roundabout way, and I cannot make any use of ideas that are suggested to me when I am not ready for them.

His long path of advance was marked by desertions, as they seemed, the desertions of Breuer, Adler, Jung, Stekel, Rank. . . . Yet, in a memorable phrase, he writes of psycho-analysis as 'an exquisitely social enterprise'. And so it was in its heroic days, and so it still must be.

Freud did not conceal from himself his prejudices and the limits of his sympathy: for instance, his prejudice against American civilization and his attachment to Europe, his unalterably bourgeois tastes and habits. He knew that his observations were confined to the middle class at a particular time and place, and, in an interesting letter, he remarks that working-class culture may be significantly different. Above all, in relation to the Jews and to Zionism, he expresses himself in these letters with confidence and clear-sightedness, and with that rough self-sufficiency which seems to have protected him from anxiety, and, no less important, from waste of time. Fame, and the Nazi persecution of the Jews, brought new demands upon him, which he met. Up to that time, he appears in these letters as tranquilly at ease in Jewish ways of thought, and acutely aware of their part in the origins of psycho-analysis. He was at ease in the Jewish-Viennese milieu. When he finally arrives in 1938 at 39 Elsworth Road, London, N.W.3, he is relieved to find, after the first shock of strangeness, that Primrose Hill is after all 'like Grinzing'.

### Central Mystery

The central mystery in his life, to which one searches in vain for an answer in these letters, is an arithmetical one: his use of time. The mystery is in fact deepened, because the editor tells us that his father answered all letters immediately. How could he conceivably have found time to maintain his practice, on which his family's livelihood depended, and also to write the continuous stream of fundamental papers, case-histories and books, which seem to constitute a whole life-work in themselves? This problem ought to be a simple one, of dividing the available hours. But it is not really solved in Jones's biography, nor are there sufficient clues in these letters. So the fantastic story of the work prolonged until the end, with the long suffering from cancer of the jaw, is traced again here. The heroic vitality, the bitter contempt of success as of something that came too late to please, Freud's increasing pessimism about human affairs, are clear, sometimes too harshly clear. Some gentleness and naïve impulse, missed in his childhood, were never recaptured. He writes:

In the depths of my heart I cannot help being convinced that my dear fellow men, with a few exceptions, are worthless.

These chilling words must be remembered if we are to have a just, or even approximately honest, picture of Freud's personality, and not only of his personality, but also of his intellectual convictions. He was not a man of the Enlightenment, who believed that human nature could be rapidly improved. He remarks that 'the old cultural levels are still alive, in the great masses'. And he could still unshrinkingly use this phrase 'the masses'. The horrors of the first world war were not, as is so often said, altogether surprising to him—certainly not a refutation of his theory of human nature. He was probably less surprised by them than Flaubert had been by the excesses of the Commune.

The more one considers these letters, and when one places them alongside the evidence of Ernest Jones's biography, the more clearly one sees a division in Freud's mind and temperament; a division between his interests as a scientist and his dreams of himself as an imaginative writer, almost, one could say, as an artist. His strongest feelings, most warmly expressed, are called forth by writers whom he admired and who admired him: by Romain Rolland, Thomas Mann, Arnold and Stefan Zweig, Schnitzler. He is unduly pleased by their attentions, as he is unduly indifferent to the attention of the rest of the world. He tells Romain Rolland of 'the mysterious attraction' that he feels towards him, and Schnitzler that he was 'his double'.

### Penetrating Analysis of Dostoevsky

Perhaps the most important single letter in this collection is a penetrating analysis of Dostoevsky, as man and writer, addressed to Stefan Zweig. This letter, and other casual literary criticism elsewhere—particularly a few remarks on Don Quixote—show that 'double vision' which is characteristic of the imaginative writer turned critic. He holds apart his scientific understanding and his appreciation of imaginative depth, as so few of his imitators have; yet the one informs the other. The divided nature emerged in that wild enterprise of his old age, *Moses and Monotheism*, and in his obsession with Rome, with Michelangelo, and with Moses. Of course he shows himself aware of his unrealized ambition as an artist; indeed there is not the smallest trace in these letters of any naivety of action or response—except perhaps in that early letter, which I quoted, about the competition of women and their proper place at home. This lack is perhaps part of the sadness, the harsh maturity, of these letters, as the years of great achievement pass.

The new ideas, which have transformed men's outlook and way of life in this century, have almost all come from the sciences. Philosophy, political theory, and even the literary experiments of this time, have been, by comparison, on the margin of intellectual advance. Freud, as he appears in his letters, was before all things certainly a scientist. But he was a scientist who also experimented on himself. The evidence of his self-analysis is altogether out of sight. But the personality that remains in view here is certainly not, and could not be, the whole biographical truth: the personality of a passionately self-willed man, secure and immovable in his home, disdainful and rather bitter, smoking endless cigars and counting Kipling's *Jungle Book* among his favourite reading, taking long walks in the mountains and dabbling in archaeology in his holidays, often wishing, as he grew older, to die and be at peace, and yet feeling his escape 'barred', as he wrote, by the survival of his mother. Those who read him, whether his letters or his scientific papers, for consolation or for reassurance, or for some brisk doctrine of adjustment to reality, will be disappointed. I shall end by quoting the words that he wrote on an occasion of death and loss: for the style here is the man:

Although we know that after such a loss the acute state of mourning will subside, we also know we shall remain inconsolable and will never find a substitute. No matter what may fill the gap, even if it be filled completely, it nevertheless remains something else. And actually this is how it should be. It is the only way of perpetuating that love which we do not wish to relinquish.

—Third Programme

*The British Press: a Critical Survey* by H. A. Taylor, with an introduction by Sir Linton Andrews (Arthur Barker, 21s.), is an examination of present-day problems by an experienced journalist.



# Architecture and the Modern Cinema

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THEY'RE pulling down the Empire cinema. Its central site, on the north of Leicester Square—and north is the top of all London squares—has only the demolition team in it now. Until 1927 the Empire was a theatre; until 1961 it was a cinema, the one with the lion on it. For those thirty-four years it was the lushest, most opulent, of movie houses. Entering it, whether it was to see Greta Garbo's first talkie, *Gone with the Wind* on its first run, or *Ben Hur*, was really living. You passed under a grandiose coffered gilt ceiling; down or up wide, gently raked stairs; through halls lined with wall-size engraved mirrors doubling up the candelabra: like sets for *The Phantom of the Opera*. In the auditorium, at ice-cream time, you could see that you sat under an oval dome which lassoed the huge space into unity. The screen had grown big in the nineteen-fifties, but it was still just contained by a proscenium with classical floral patterns on it.

The Empire was one of those cinemas that picked up nineteenth-century theatrical traditions and piled between the pay-box and your seat a world of space and ornament. One of these cinemas, still standing and in marvellous condition, is the Granada, Tooting, which is a masterpiece of pleasure architecture. The balcony is shut in the afternoons, so go after five, and see the Hall of Mirrors which leads on to the balcony. Under a curved foliated ceiling, behind a golden screen of gothic arches there is a spectacular vista of



The entrance hall of the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: a photograph taken when it was opened as a cinema in 1928

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

mirrors. Canned music plays at all times. The Granada was built in the nineteen-thirties, when leisurely access to vaulted auditoria through palatial foyers was apt to the confident industry.

In the 'thirties, Xanadus for 3,000 people were built; but this was not the main trend. The creation of house-styles in a modern vernacular was opposed to such exoticism. Straight lines and rounded corners were antagonistic to a revivalism which mingled learned and fairground elements. Egyptian columns and scraps of the past hang on persistently, but the new style, and the winning style, was streamlined and massive. In Leicester Square—on the east side this time—the puma-black Odeon sums up a great deal of this development. It has an asymmetrically sited black tower which juts up high above the smooth-faced cubic massing of the façade. Odeons and Gaumonts, spread through London and beyond, echo this pattern, with enough changes for variety, but not enough changes to threaten the legibility of the house-style. The Odeon at Balham has a short tower, white instead of black, centred instead of at the corner as at Leicester Square; the Regal at Putney has no tower, but is recognizably of the same smooth and bulky geometric style.

The creation of modern house-styles was linked to the boom in the nineteen-thirties when cinemas were built in great numbers in the suburbs, where they contributed to the firming-up of social places in the new developments. Take Morden, at the far end of the Northern line, for instance: the local



The auditorium of the new Columbia Cinema, Shaftesbury Avenue



Odeon is part of a shopping centre, splintered by wide roads. With the Underground station, the Co-op, Woolworths, car park, giant pub, and garage, it is part of a familiar and indispensable suburban complex. At many suburban cinemas, hairdressers, jewellers or stationers are slotted into the main body, like shops in an ocean liner. Sometimes they go in front, dwarfed by the façade; sometimes they flourish at the side. At Morden, in the Odeon's flank, there is a coffee house, thinly converted from a pre-war milk bar, but helping to thread the visible external bulk of the auditorium into the street life.

Not all cinemas occupy their sites as self-contained monumental boxes, as a majority of important circuit houses do. Many of the smaller houses, often those where specialist tastes for Swedish films or horror movies are catered for, fill no block and pop no skyline. They are shop-bound holes in the wall, their fascias in line with the fascias of the neighbouring shops. These cinemas have to lure people off the streets by means of lights, floor levels, posters, and handy pay-boxes, to set the movie-goer on a tortuous journey back behind the shop-line where the auditorium sprawls at any angle. Continental cinemas of this type, which are very numerous, are less inhibited by local regulations in their displays than ours. In France and Belgium, for example, coloured tunnels spill out, to the pavement's edge, girls, heroes, names.

English cinemas at night are brighter than theatres, but not so bright as garages. In the West End, where the films are new, posters and cut-outs over the canopies are carnival and tough. The higher the number of the postal district, however, the less advertising there is on the façade of the cinema. Advertising—concentrated at street level—is confirmatory, aimed at people who are presumed to have read the evening newspapers, or the local newspaper, or seen a poster somewhere else in town

announcing the programme. In the nineteen-thirties, when cinema-going was a habit, the cinema itself, whether a baroque or a gaunt monument, was a sufficient come-on. Now that people have replaced the habit of movie-going with the habit of watching television, it tends to be a film, rather than the picture palace, that one goes to. A few attempts are being made to provide on-the-spot advertising at suburban cinemas, such as temporary hoardings in front of first-floor balcony lounge windows. But greater efforts are needed to make cinema façades flexible carriers of signs, instead of rigid monuments. An extension of the advertising space would be a step in the direction of relieving that dead look of too many suburban cinemas.

A new cinema is going to be included in the development of the Empire site—a pocket one, on the lines of the Curzon, the Columbia, and post-war Italian cinemas in the *espresso* style. Lower running costs and longer runs are leading to a new intimacy. Cinema architecture cannot be separated from either sociology or psychology. Like pubs, amusement arcades, and theatres, cinemas require the acts of their occupants to complete them. Empty theatres, pubs, and cinemas are disconsolate and pointless, whereas palaces and cathedrals often look as good empty as they do inhabited. Modern purist architecture is often spoiled by real life, and the architects have them photographed before the earth people take over. But in the cinema we have a working example of participative architecture; that is to say, of structures based on human use and human wishes. The sociology of the foyer, lighted threshold between street and screen; the various dimming routes to the interior; the auditorium, where the architect's function is to provide the spectator with invisible services of comfort and visibility—here are models and cases indispensable for a theory of participative architecture.

—'Comment' (Third Programme)

## Disturbances

After the darkness has come  
And the distant 'planes catch fire  
In the dusk, coming home,  
And the tall church spire  
No longer stands on the hill  
And the streets are quiet except  
For a car-door slamming—well,  
You might say the houses slept.  
*An owl calls from a tree.*

This is my house and home,  
A place where for several years  
I've settled, to which I've come  
Happily, set my shears  
To the hedge which fronts the place,  
Had decorators in,  
Altered a former face  
To a shape I can call my own.  
*An owl calls from a tree.*

Only, sometimes at night  
Or running downhill for a train,  
I suddenly catch sight  
Of a world not named and plain  
And without hedges or walls:  
A jungle of noises, fears,  
No lucid intervals,  
No calm exteriors.  
*An owl calls from a tree.*

The place I live in has  
A name on the map, a date  
For all that is or was.  
I avoid hunger and hate:  
I have a bed for the night:  
The dishes are stacked in the rack:

I remember to switch off the light:  
I turn and lie on my back.  
*An owl calls from a tree.*

ANTHONY THWAITE

## The Lydian Stone

*Lydian-stone: A black variety of jasper used by jewellers as a touch-stone for testing gold*

For love or friendship requisite,  
In dialectic apposite,  
Take no pilgrimage without one,  
Comforting to have about one  
In the winter of our dearth.  
Dragon-seed and sacred earth  
Are the copulative pair  
Hanging in the golden air  
Whence the descending Lydian-stone  
Draws its virtue.

Set upon  
A field of gold it keeps its jet,  
Kissing pinchbeck it will sweat  
A scornful dew and milky stains  
Mark the appearing Lydian veins.  
But if the dark betray the gold,  
Old rags the silk and flame the cold,  
The dark's a tutor, flame a school,  
And old rags by negation rule.  
The crooked wall defines the straight,  
The unbroken hedge predicts the gate,  
And even sins may purchase bliss.

I, a sinner, tell you this  
As I meditate upon  
Myself, the enduring Lydian-stone.

J. M. CAMERON



# Good, Brave Causes?

By KINGSLEY AMIS

**O**H, heavens, how I long for a little ordinary human enthusiasm', Mr. Osborne's Jimmy Porter cries out in one of his characteristic arias, and in the England of the nineteen-fifties and sixties that cry must find a sympathetic echo with anybody who is less than half dead. What Jimmy goes on to say is also significant, though in a different direction. The enthusiasm he is after is not specific, it is 'just enthusiasm—that's all. I want to hear a warm thrilling voice cry out Hallelujah. Oh, brother, it's such a long time since I was with anyone who got enthusiastic about anything'.

This fervent longing to be inspired, combined with indifference about what does the inspiring and about what action might follow from the inspiration, is very typical of certain kinds of young and youngish persons in our century. 'What we need is belief', as another writer put it, 'not belief in anything in particular, just belief'. There is evidently a desperate need for any sort of conviction that will lead to any sort of declaration. Orthodox Christians would say that an indiscriminating desire for faith, for faith at the price of reason if need be, was a highly dangerous state, and here for once I should agree with them. Whether you conceive of the devil as real or as a mere poetic title for the less useful forces of history, he has always been notoriously forthcoming with work for those prone to uncritical enthusiasm, enthusiasm about anything, which is the course that leads in the end to Shakespeare's Roman mob and their cries of: 'We'll mutiny, we'll burn the house of Brutus. Go fetch fire. Pluck down benches. Pluck down forms, windows, anything'.

## Meaningful Substitute for 'Hallelujah'

I would not, I hope, have the effrontery to take this tone, if I could not remember fairly clearly what it is to feel like Jimmy Porter, if I did not still sometimes share his urge to enthuse in a vacuum. And I repeat that the desire to do so is in itself nothing to be ashamed of. The difficulty comes when people start trying to substitute something more meaningful and topical for the 'Hallelujah' which Jimmy, with that curious blend of the evangelical and the journalistic he so often adopts, would like to hear cried out in a 'warm thrilling voice'. 'Abolish the death penalty' will not do; not because it is all right to go on having the death penalty—Jimmy and his friends are sound enough on that sort of question—but because the scale of the whole thing is so obviously too small, the opposition too contemptible, and the anti-hanging movement itself too thoroughly infiltrated by elderly and respectable pillars of the Establishment to impart the requisite feeling of belonging to an embattled minority. An occasional archbishop or M.P. is all very well at the forefront of a march (he contributes, indeed, a valuable suggestion that the cause transcends every difference of status), but he must not seem to be typical of it. Setting the emotional tone, it is felt, should be the prerogative of youth, and the kind of involvement called for is a generous amateurism rather than any professional concern with tactics and programmes.

One or other of these objections puts paid to several possible alternative Hallelujahs. 'Join the Labour Party' suffers from the very general difficulty of summoning up even one heartfelt cheer on behalf of that body, and the body itself is this time too large, as well as too established, to be budged by minority enthusiasm. The same goes, with redoubled force, for such threadbare pieties as 'Down with Russia'. But with 'Ban the Bomb', and minor variations on that theme, like 'Hands off Cuba', we are on much more promising ground.

'Ban the Bomb', in fact, is the ideal manifestation of the 'good, brave cause' which Jimmy Porter sighed for in another of his rhapsodies. The scale is just right: a full-sized issue without too much official machinery attached to it; a certain per-

manence, as distinct from the gone-in-a-flash quality of the Suez crisis; and above all, of course, the attraction of voluntarily and publicly joining not a political party but something far more 'hip' and glamorous, a persecutable minority, with demonstrations and marches and arrests, and duckings in Holy Loch thrown in, to give something of the feel of old-fashioned revolutionary action without any of its dangers, a real-life thriller with blank cartridges in all the guns. It is no wonder that thousands of well-intentioned, if rather self-dramatizing, youngish people have succumbed to these enchantments.

## Compassion—and Less Creditable Motives

Here again I must repeat that I know what this is like, not by way of establishing my credentials, but as prelude to informing you that I was fourteen years old in 1936, at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War; the twenty-fifth anniversary of this, as a matter of fact, was what set me going on my topic. Anyway, as that war went on, and as Hitler's war approached, I got to the right age at the right time to feel the pull of the good, brave cause, the attractions of warning England of dangers insufficiently visible to the majority, the established, the reactionary, the complacent, the old. Of course these were real dangers, of course the Spanish Republic needed defending, of course Hitler wanted to gobble up Europe. (Before I go any further, I must apologise to any younger listeners for serving up this great chunk of ancient history; I know from many conversations that the under-thirties do not know about the nineteen-thirties, and often do not want to know either, which surprises me when I notice that these tend to be the same people as lament the present ignorance of German youth about what went on before 1945.) However, my good, brave causes, though they required no actual bravery of me, really were good; but—and here comes my big point—this was no more than a fortunate coincidence, testifying to no special imagination or sagacity on my part. The obvious, but sadly neglected, truth is that the worthiness of a cause is not established by its ability to attract young, generous, compassionate, reasonably intelligent minds. And beyond this lies the sadder thought that the generosity and compassion and the rest of it, however genuine, is not the whole story. Other and less creditable motives, fears and aggressions, are also at work.

## Finding a Stream to Swim Against

I know from my reading, though non-students of the nineteen-thirties will not, how easily an anti-Franco stance degenerated into the condoning of all sorts of treachery and violence on the Republican side. And I know from my own experience how necessary it can feel to be one of an embattled minority—thus when, after half a dozen years of unheeded goading, mainly from the left, the entire British nation swung round to being as anti-Hitler as they could in the circumstances, using the odd bullet instead of pamphlets and meetings—when that happened, many of the expropriated Jeremiahs, instead of helping on the anti-Hitler notion, went and swung round the other way and denounced the movement they had been working so hard to promote. If your deep-seated need is always to be swimming against the stream, you can usually manage to find a stream that will do at a pinch. In the unlikely event of nuclear disarmament ever becoming the official policy of the Labour Party, I give the Aldermaston rank-and-file six months before they switch to a campaign for the liberation of Scotland and Wales, or for federal union with Yugoslavia.

Any political malady has a specific component as well as a general one. In the case of anti-atom antics, both components

(concluded on page 1092)



## 'RACECOURSE'

by Raoul Dufy

(c) by S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris, 1961





# At your leisure...

"Fine day for the race." The old joke.

The human race. And the human race—

or quite a few of it—goes to the races for its leisure,

and quite a few of *them* go racing by car

and *all* of them use petrol to do that,

and quite a few of *them* use Esso.

Petrol, of course, is only one part of our business—

not even a very big part, when you think

of all the ships and planes and trains and tractors

and industrial furnaces we have to keep going as well.

But it has a big part to play

in getting you humans to the races . . . or helping you

to enjoy your summer leisure

in pleasant and exciting places.





# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 14-20

## Wednesday, June 14

Mr. Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal, has talks with Dutch Government about possibility of Britain joining the Common Market

Police are called in to restore order at annual meeting in London of Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

## Thursday, June 15

Mr. Khrushchev broadcasts to the Soviet people on his talks with President Kennedy in Vienna

Railway fares are to be increased from September and London Transport fares from the end of July

## Friday, June 16

Prices of British industrial shares fall; value of the pound falls in foreign exchange markets

Foreign Secretary states in Chicago that Britain is seeking a new relationship with the European Continent

The Minister of Education, Mr. David Eccles, rejects a proposal that the Ministry should allocate a percentage of places in public schools for pupils from state schools.

## Saturday, June 17

Delegates to a special conference of the National Union of Teachers reject proposed new scales of salary and say they will go on strike if a satisfactory settlement is not reached at the next meeting of the Burnham Committee

The French Cabinet announces an urgent programme of reforms in an effort to stop unrest among the farmers of Brittany

## Sunday, June 18

Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, President of the North Rhodesian Independence Party, says his party will put a plan of 'non-violent' action into effect if any concessions over the proposed constitution are made by the British Government to Sir Roy Welensky

An express train from Strasbourg to Paris is derailed near Vitry-le-François: twenty-three people are killed and more than 100 injured

## Monday, June 19

Cabinet meets twice to discuss problems raised by constitutional proposals for Northern Rhodesia

Two thousand workers at Smith's motor accessories factory, Cricklewood, on unofficial strike for a week over a pay claim, decide to stay out

## Tuesday, June 20

Chancellor of the Exchequer tells Commons that he is trying to cut down government spending abroad to offset the sharp fall in some of Britain's overseas earnings

President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union says the strike at Cricklewood is being fomented by subversive elements



Breton farmers blocking a railway line with their carts near Lorient as part of a campaign protesting against the French Government's agricultural policy and the recent fall in prices caused by surplus farm produce. Throughout the week they have been besieging towns, blocking roads, and cutting telegraph wires. The effigy on the 'gibbet' in the photograph represents M. Debré, the French Prime Minister. Earlier this week the unrest was beginning to spread to other districts



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh driving along the racecourse during the Royal Ascot meeting last week. The background is the new stand which cost £1,000,000 to build





Prime Minister's house in Buckinghamshire, where last weekend Mr. [Name] and other Cabinet ministers were reported to be discussing urgent [Name] and the question of whether Britain should be associated with the European Economic Community



Dancers of the Leningrad State Kirov Ballet Company in a scene from *The Stone Flower* by Prokofiev, with which they opened a season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, on June 19. During their journey to London a member of the company, Rudolf Nureyev, sought political asylum in France



View from a model of a pair of cathedral doors on view at the South London Art Festival. The model was made over a period of two years by London grammar school pupils during Saturday morning classes at the Camberwell School of Art



Mr. Julius Nyerere, Prime Minister of Tanganyika (above, left), and Mr. Tom Mboya, General Secretary of the Kenya African National Union (above, right), photographed on their arrival in London on June 18 to discuss the future of the East Africa High Commission



A man being lowered on to a Royal Air Force launch after being 'rescued' from the River Thames by helicopter. The demonstration marked the opening on June 17 of the Lambeth Festival. The Festival, comprising over 200 events, continues until June 25



(concluded from page 1087)

take us some way outside politics in the usual sense; first, as I have suggested, to a desire for collective singularity, so to speak; secondly, to something that was recently summarized for me, with unimprovable clarity and concentration, by a pair of slogans some dauntless agitator had chalked up on the wall of Balliol College—the one opposite the Randolph Hotel, actually, where I was on my way to meet some other reactionaries. 'Ban the Bomb', I read, and then on the other side of the drainpipe, in the same calligraphy, 'Go Home, Yank'. The big point about the bomb, you see, is that it is tied up with Polaris submarines and Nato and the Western Alliance, and missile bases, all operated by Americans; and the big point about them is that they are the people who took over Western leadership from Britain without so much as a by-your-leave. I do not know whether Marx would have called these contemporary British leftists 'social-chauvinists'; I am pretty sure

that a muddled and devious desire to make Britain count for something, even if only for being the disrupter of Nato, does a great deal to get those boys and girls squatting on the pavements.

The strength of the anti-American component is witnessed by the peculiar note of complacent fury (something new in our political life, I fancy) with which some of these same boys and girls launched out at the supposed American action in Cuba, recalling in turn the fuss, more than a year ago now, over the U-2 spy-plane incident. I remember having the momentary illusion, the morning after the business, that translated copies of some Ukrainian or East German sheet had somehow found their way on to my breakfast-table. It remained for *The Spectator*, rather than *The New Statesman*, to observe that our principal ally is America, not Russia. Which is about as far as the topic can be taken for now, except for a modest appeal to the British left to leave anti-Americanism to the right.

It would, I hope, disconcert people like the man who wielded the chalk outside Balliol to know how closely their sentiments on this subject are echoed by the kind of person who supported Neville Chamberlain—a Conservative prime minister, you know, generally conceded to have done less than well in resistance to Hitler.

It would be too ambitious to suggest a cure for the political maladies I have mentioned; but I can perhaps recommend a schedule of treatment. Apart from a course of drink and *amour*, this would include: trying to learn from the history of minority, extra-party political movements in the last twenty-five years, reading that terrifyingly plausible account of Britain falling under Russian domination, Mr. Constantine Fitz Gibbon's novel, *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, and resisting, as we must all do, all the time, the pressures of temperament and emotional need that constantly threaten to distort one's picture of reality.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

### Controlling the Arms Race

Sir,—Mr. Michael Howard in his interesting review (*THE LISTENER*, June 15) of the second of our 'Studies in International Security', Mr. Hedley Bull's *The Control of the Arms Race*, expresses his disagreement with 'Mr. Bull's belief in the unchanging nature of international society'. I think it important to make it clear that Mr. Bull has been careful to express no such belief. One of his conclusions is that 'In the long run the maintenance of even that modicum of security we have enjoyed in the past is likely to depend upon radical changes in the political and military habits of mankind. I fully concur that such radical changes are desirable. I believe also that, in principle, they may occur'.

It seems to me that one of Mr. Bull's particularly valuable contributions to clear thinking in this field has been to demonstrate the improbability that international society can be entirely reorganized at short notice to meet a particular set of military and political contingencies, and the distinction he draws between the 'long-run' hopes of a more rational world order and the action that must be contemplated 'in the short run' to ensure survival of the world itself, until those still tentative and disorganized forces which, as Mr. Howard indicates, may gradually lead to a diminution of national sovereignty and to the strengthening of international activities can begin to exert their force.—Yours, etc.,

ALASTAIR BUCHAN, Director

The Institute for Strategic Studies

London, W.C.2

### Republicanism in South Africa

Sir,—There is a point, to my mind crucial, on which your correspondent Dr. W. H. C. Frend is curiously uninformative. Though indicating certain measures which, in his judgment, 'made Verwoerd and his henchmen' impossible, and certain things that a hypothetical alternative government would, in his judgment, have done, there is something he does not say.

Would his alternative government have offered to African nationalism the beginnings

of a progressively expansible participation in political power? And, if so, would it, in his judgment, have survived? And would African nationalism, within and without South Africa, not to mention Commonwealth fair play, have been content, even temporarily, with anything less? And, if so, for how long?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

C. A. W. MANNING

### Kenya: the End of a Road

Sir,—Mr. Dow's latest letter attempts to justify his earlier sweeping and ill-informed criticism of the white settlers and their fate by asserting it to be 'comment on political ideas'. What on earth have these to do with the question? From his smug fastness in S.W.19 it is easy for him to be at once patronizing and censorious, to prate airily about 'business miscalculations'. He would, I think, be rather more humble-minded if his livelihood were threatened by some take-over without compensation. Would he consider that 'a business miscalculation'?

The Kenya settler who emigrated with full governmental encouragement after the first war and created a home, a farm, and a living out of the scrub, he who after the last war, lured by the government-sponsored Kenya Development Board (whose glowing weekly advertisements have only recently ceased to appear), sank his capital (and hopes) into a White Highland farm, alike face just such a take-over by an irresponsible African-dominated Legislature, elected, if Tom Mboya has his way, by a 98 per cent. illiterate electorate. Certainly Kenya farmers did well during the shortages of the war and its aftermath, but so did British farmers. On the other hand this followed a slump in the nineteen-thirties when farms sold for as little as 1s. an acre. It is hard that their brief prosperity should now be used by Mr. Dow as an argument for washing our hands of the fate of the Kenya farmers.

Yours, etc.,

Billingshurst

W. BARING PEMBERTON

### Mr. Nkrumah or Professor Potekhin?

Sir,—In his talk on 'Dr. Nkrumah or Professor Potekhin?' (*THE LISTENER*, June 15) Mr. Charles Janson refers to Mrs. Elspeth Huxley's 'very pessimistic appreciation of the African personality' which was published in the June *Encounter*, and he asks: 'Is it . . . wise or constructive to dwell on the evil of African human nature in a magazine which symbolizes the liberalism of the West . . .?' But if we really are a symbol of Western liberalism—the remark is very flattering—then we are, I suggest, quite justified in believing that it would be most unwise and most unconstructive to impose any partisan or sentimental limits to serious discussion of African (or any other) affairs.

Mrs. Huxley's article in our current number is part of a whole series of contributions which we have been publishing, and it should not have escaped Mr. Janson's attention that it was in fact coupled with an equally sharp and controversial (and 'very optimistic') article by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, writing from an almost diametrically opposed viewpoint. I am afraid that your readers have been given the mistaken impression that we have been 'dwelling' on any one single thesis or interpretation. (May I add that in our next number Professor Edward Shils contributes a long critique of Mrs. Huxley's views, to which she, in her turn, will no doubt reply.)

It may be, as your author suggests, that 'the chief human and intellectual role of the European is simply to create relaxed atmosphere', but it would be, we feel, something less than wise to purchase such atmospheric relaxation at the price of our liberal tradition of open, serious, and many-sided debate.

Yours, etc.

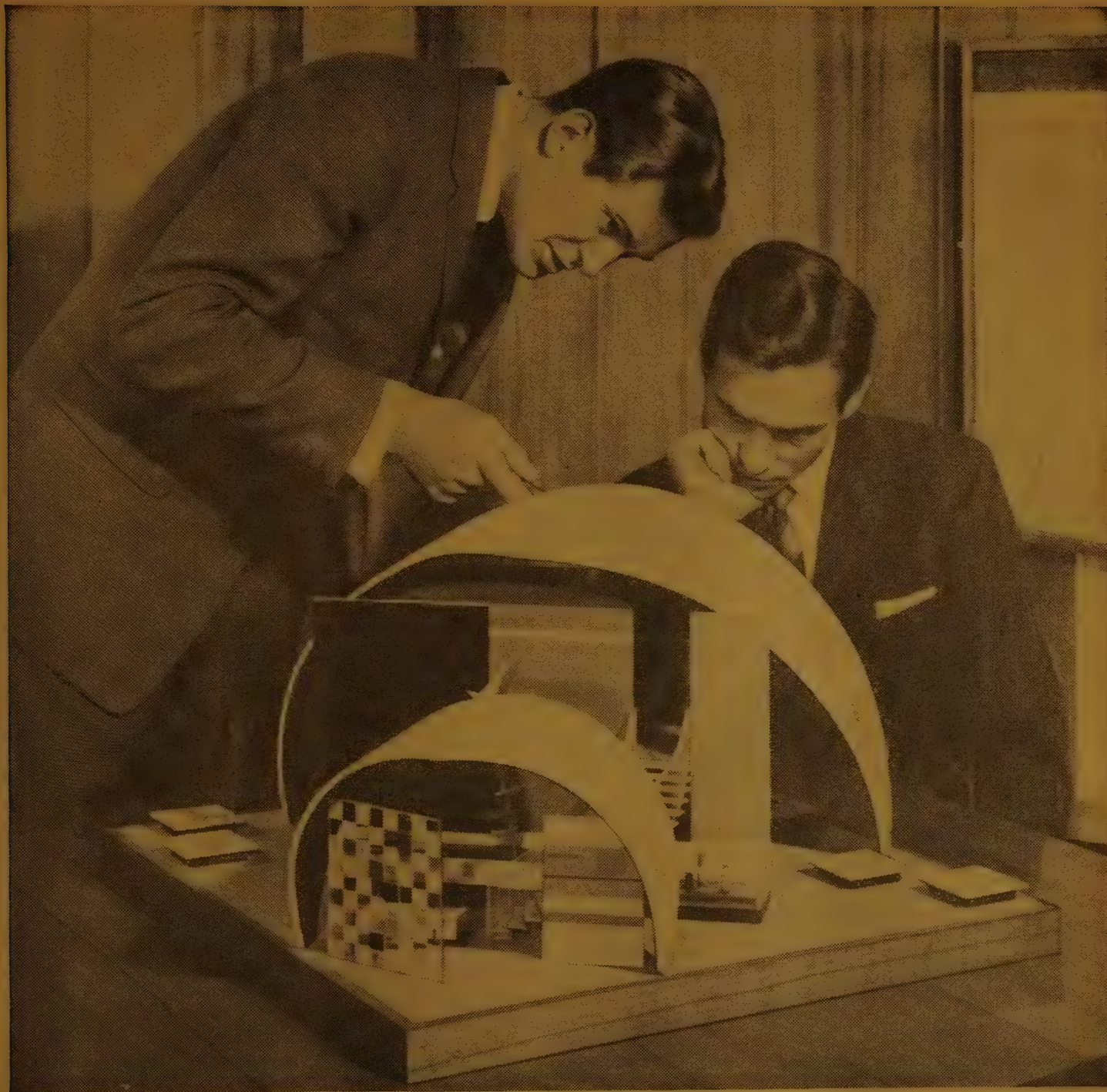
London, S.W.1

MELVIN J. LASKY  
*Encounter Magazine*

### A Portrait of Berlin

Sir,—(1) How did Mr. Alistair Cooke [his talk is published on page 1073] come to be passed into East Berlin by Russian Guards? I had to





## The shape of Shell at Interplas

Shell plastics inspire designers, conjure up new approaches and reshape old forms in excitingly fresh ways. At Interplas—the International Plastics Exhibition at Olympia, London—you will find, not surprisingly, Shell plastics and Shell people to discuss these fascinating man-made materials. Our picture shows a model of the Shell stand.

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Shell Chemicals









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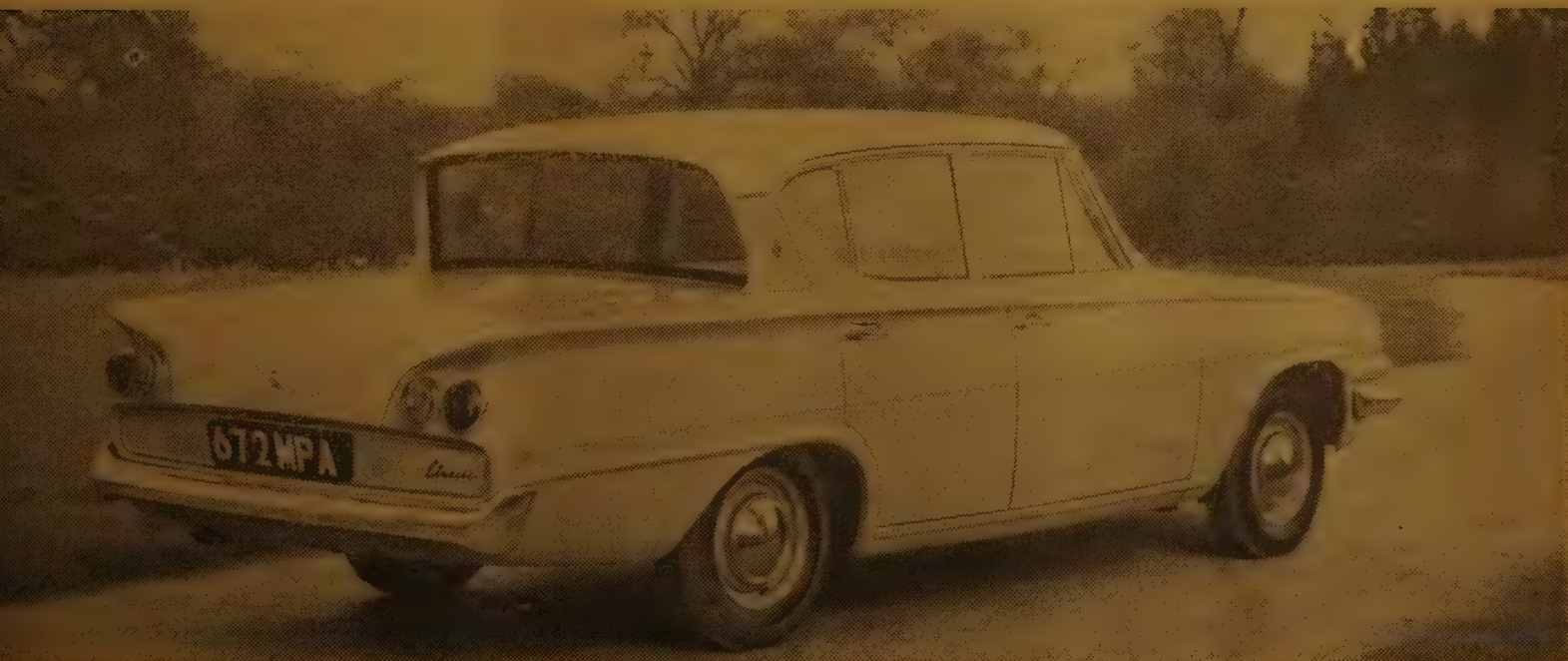
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FROM **FORD** OF BRITAIN

\* 2-door Standard model £744.17.6 (£525 + £219.17.6 p.t.) 4-door Standard model £773.4.2 (£545 + £228.4.2 p.t.)  
2-door De luxe model £773.4.2 (£545 + £228.4.2 p.t.) 4-door De luxe model £801.10.10 (£565 + £236.10.10 p.t.)





cope with nothing worse than German policemen.

(2) Why did his guide tell him that the lime trees in Unter den Linden were felled for fuel in 1948 when they were cut by Hitler for a prolonging of the Underground at the time of the Olympic games in the late nineteen-thirties?

(3) Why did he go in by air when he might have entertained us all with a description of that fascinating rail journey through East Germany?

Yours, etc.,

Hatfield, Broadoak

GEORGE EDINGER

## Britain's Expanding Universities

Sir,—Mr. Beloff, in his letter (*THE LISTENER*, June 15), says that he is a lecturer at a 'Red-brick' university, and then refers to 'the older universities where the teaching load per don is so much lighter'. This unusual point of view should not pass unchallenged. May I, having lectured at both kinds of university, say that my own experience, as well (I think) as the general view in the profession, is that the teaching load per don at the older universities is very appreciably the heavier, and the load of general educational and administrative duties very substantially so?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

JOHN HOLLOWAY

## Contemporary Music

Sir,—I did not hear the work by Zak referred to by Mr. Rollo Myers in his music criticism in *THE LISTENER* of June 15, but I should like to endorse his criticism of the amount of time and money wasted on broadcasts of works by foreign composers of very doubtful merit. It is right that we should have the opportunity of hearing first-rate performances of the outstanding works of our time, whatever their country of origin, but the first duty of a British Broadcasting Corporation is to British composers.

The Composers' Guild of Great Britain has recently printed a catalogue of works by its members, and I am sure that many of the compositions listed therein must merit the kind of performance and publicity given recently to imports from the Continent. It is my belief that by geography and history British composers are well placed to achieve that sane balance between tradition and experiment which is needed if contemporary music is to have any real impact on the ordinary listener. It is the duty of the B.B.C. to do all it can to help and encourage the British composer positively, and not merely to give him the negative satisfaction of discovering how ill-founded are the reputations of many of his Continental contemporaries.—Yours, etc.,

Kincairg

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## What is History?

Sir,—May I suggest that this question is mistaken from the beginning? Except in the casual and imprecise way we use the word 'painting' (walls, boats, the face, pictures?), history has no existence. There are only histories written by historians. As Collingwood put it in his *Historical Association* pamphlet many years ago: 'All history is the history of something, something definite and particular. . . . The historian cannot first collect data and then interpret

them. It is only when he has a problem in his mind that he can begin to search for the data bearing on it'. History is not, as Professor Beloff has written in your columns, 'shapeless', because it can only take shape after it has been written by a historian and becomes history.

As for 'historical inevitability', it is a misuse of the word historical. 'Inevitability' is a philosophical concept, and has no need of the word historical.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

GUY CHAPMAN

## Eighteenth-century Britain

Sir,—In his singularly tasteless Third Programme talk on party in eighteenth-century England (*THE LISTENER*, June 8) Mr. N. C. Hunt is doing precisely what he so bitterly accuses the late Sir Lewis Namier of doing—'demolishing an edifice which nobody but himself had erected'. The Chinese call it shooting paper tigers.

Namier's work is open to criticism, and those criticisms, or most of them, were cogently put by Herbert Butterfield, a few years ago, when Namier could reply. The truth is, Namier was altogether too big a man, both personally and professionally, for many of his colleagues, and even in his lifetime common rooms were loud with the envious snarling of the Cassiuses of this world:

Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

To the paper tigers. Only Robert Walcott, Jr., has asserted that party distinctions were not politically important in the early eighteenth century; to my knowledge no other professional historian subscribes to this view, and Namier certainly did not. Namier did believe, with Mr. Hunt (if I interpret his rather haphazard argument aright), that the importance of party declined under Walpole and the Pelhams, that it needed important constitutional issues such as the Stamp Act Crisis and the Middlesex Election to revive it. John Brooke's chapter on party in *The Chatham Administration* may be said to summarize Namier's views on this question.

What Mr. Hunt has to say about party in general I would have said was agreed knowledge; certainly it is the common stuff of the lecture room. Does he really believe that 'the Tories were the squirearchy' (or vice versa)? This is coming down to school textbook level, and poor textbooks at that. Similarly, what was the 'fundamental change' in George III's decision to exchange Bute for Newcastle? Who said it was fundamental? It is too easy to attribute such statements to Namier, then triumphantly deny them. He even brings forth the late Richard Pares to buttress his rather shaky assertion that George III did achieve important changes on his accession, and he characterizes Pares's remark that 'Newcastle governed George II and George III governed North' as 'a categorical repudiation of Namier'. I should be surprised to find that Namier asserted the opposite, though certainly North managed George III, as Newcastle managed George II and Disraeli managed Victoria. Even less justifiable is his use of Mr. Steven Watson as a peg to hang his flimsier arguments on. Of course, Mr. Steven Watson declined to call the independent gentry Tories who rallied to North; he is much too careful a historian. (And they had rallied to the Elder

Pitt before George III's accession, anyway.) As Dr. J. B. Owen has pointed out, a Tory ceased to be a Tory when he accepted court patronage. But I am forgetting; Dr. Owen is a pupil of Namier's, so his evidence goes for nothing.

Mr. Hunt chides Mr. Steven Watson for not being aware of the fact that his *Reign of George III* demonstrates that the Namier Revolution amounted to very little. He forgets that other historians may not perhaps subscribe just to his own views. Namier did certain things supremely well which nobody had done before. He demonstrated how Treasury boroughs operated, how 'interests' were built up, how the day-to-day business of political management was carried on. In so doing he established standards of scholarship which were an inspiration to many younger historians—though apparently not to Mr. Hunt. His methods of inquiry, and the nature of the inquiries he made about men in politics, have sometimes been misapplied by the naïve, but they have also been used with decisive effect to elucidate sections of English history in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries. This is the Namier Revolution.

Namier also established that before the decline of patronage, the reform of the electoral system and the rise of the monolithic party Whiggism and Toryism were not such binding influences as some historians had supposed. Perhaps he overstated his case, but he was combating the blind assumptions of a whole generation of historians. It is easy, of course, to find phrases and sentences in von Ruville and Winstanley, even in Grant Robertson, that foreshadow Namier, but the fact remains that prior to 1929 Burke's distorted view of the politics of the seventeen-sixties was largely accepted as truth. In sweeping away this view Namier ruthlessly swept out of the eighteenth century that mish-mash of late-Victorian liberal sentimentality, Marxist cynicism and old-maidish democratic yearnings that still bedevils the seventeenth century, for instance. Instead of carping at Namier eighteenth-century historians ought to thank him for wiping the slate clean for them, for offering them some big, if negative ideas, to bite on, and for providing them with a scholarly technique second to none. But then, Namier was the supreme professional; and like Hutton amongst cricketers he is regarded still with envy and suspicion by the less gifted, to the extent that his enemies apparently regard it as Namierite to have any pretensions to exact scholarship at all.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. P. KENYON

Sir,—Mr. Hunt in his broadcast states that, 'In spite of Namier, party remains an important ingredient in eighteenth-century politics. . . . People thought of themselves as Whigs and Tories—and this surely gives the terms a political reality whatever their specific content'. And further on: 'After 1760 . . . the Tories began to come back into the full tide of the political stream'. With all respect, he is greatly mistaken if he thinks that these statements are adequate signposts to the ground-plan of politics during the first half of George III's reign. During this period politicians did not on the whole think or speak of themselves as Tories and Whigs. Charles Fox and others occasionally talked and wrote of reconstituting the Whig Party and denounced their opponents as Tories. But wide reading of



debates and unpublished correspondence reveals how very occasional and exceptional was this usage of terms. Contemporaries wrote of 'the Rockingham party' and 'Lord North's corps': they had an immediate awareness of the realities of personal groupings and were under no illusion that the words 'Whig' and 'Tory' had any relevance to the politics of the time. I agree with Mr. Hunt's remarks about the influence of Pitt and Burke on the re-formulation of a concept of Toryism at the end of the century; but still, we should remember, that neither Pitt himself, nor any of his friends except Canning, thought of themselves as Tories.

Almost every argument and implication in Mr. Hunt's paragraph on 'George III's early intentions' is open to challenge. It is made perfectly clear in various of Namier's studies, that George III wanted to get rid of Newcastle, and why he wished to do so. But to call this a 'fundamental' change is a misuse of words (would George II's proposed replacement of Walpole by Sir Spencer Compton, if successful, have been a fundamental change?). George III did, indeed, talk of destroying corruption and 'the unhappy distinctions of Whig and Tory' and aimed 'not to be governed by his Minister or Ministers as the late king had been'. These phrases are evidence of what a very immature and ill-directed young man, conditioned by Leicester House cant, was thinking. They are not—and this Mr. Hunt appears to overlook—evidence of the actual situation.

Richard Pares's comment on Newcastle and North, isolated from its context, is a misrepresentation. The relationship between George II and Newcastle has by no means been fully explored, and there is at least some ground for believing that the king was less governed by Newcastle than is sometimes thought. Writing on a rather earlier period Sir Richard Lodge considered the king's influence on foreign policy appreciable; and it is incontestable, that in the years before 1756 Newcastle tied himself in knots pursuing a policy which had the safety of Hanover as its primary aim. At home, Newcastle on a number of occasions protested he could not perform patronage favours because of the king's veto; and though, sometimes, he was clearly using the king's name as a shelter for himself, there were other times when the excuse was plainly true. I agree that there are differences in the relationship of king and minister in the 'fifties and in the 'seventies, arising out of personality, but the degree of continuity must not be underestimated.

A good deal of Mr. Hunt's criticism of Namier, and of Mr. Steven Watson, appears to me thus to crumble on closer examination. And his remarks that certain points had already been made by other historians seems to me to miss completely the fact, that it was Namier who had the insight to break away from old conceptions and to fit these and other discoveries into a coherent, meaningful analysis of the mid-eighteenth-century political system, one which may (naturally) be subject to modification but which has proved of lasting service. This achievement should not be belittled. The classic illustration of what it meant for historical scholarship in this field thirty or so years ago is in the appendix added by Sir Charles Grant Robertson to his *England under the Hanoverians*, repudiating conclusions which he had

stated (and which are still to be found) in the main text of that work.—Yours, etc.,

Croxley Green

IAN R. CHRISTIE

Sir,—I read with interest Mr. N. C. Hunt's talks on 'Party and Progress in Eighteenth-century Britain'. I will not enter on 'the Namier Question' as it surely will now become. But I would like to point out that the question of the extent and effects of foreign investment in the eighteenth-century English National Debt has already received a good deal of attention from economic historians.

Professor T. S. Ashton has considered from the English side the probable effects of such foreign investment, if the contemporary assessments of its extent can be accepted at their face value. Mr. Charles Wilson has looked at these effects from the point of view of the economy of the Dutch Republic, the Dutch contributing by far the greatest amount of foreign capital to our debt. On the question of the actual amount of foreign money, placed in our funds, recent research has revealed 'that towards the end of the seventeen-thirties, almost two-fifths of our debt stock may have been owned by people domiciled abroad. But as the total of the debt increased, the proportion held abroad dropped steeply. For instance, of the large loans floated between 1760 and 1762, when the debt increased from approximately £90 m. to £121 m., only 8 per cent. of the increase was held by people domiciled abroad, and some of these were English resident in Amsterdam. In the seventeen-eighties much Dutch and some other foreign capital, including American, was repatriated for reinvestment in high-yield French or American securities, and altogether the 'release' of 'native capital to finance our industrial expansion' because foreigners were taking up our debt stocks, cannot have happened on any significant scale.—Yours, etc.,

Sutton

ALICE CLARE CARTER

## Miracle and History

Sir,—Father J. F. Ashton in his letter (THE LISTENER, June 15) makes three sets of remarks in connexion with my talk 'Miracle and History' (THE LISTENER, June 1). Since the second is directed only at theology in the manner of Archdeacon Paley, there is no need for me to intervene. But the first and the third do call for some reply.

(a) Apropos the notion of a miracle, construed as an exception to a law of nature, I wrote: 'Confronted by this idea a modern, scientifically minded agnostic might well try to dismiss it out of hand. A law of nature can admit of no exceptions: nor is it the sort of law which it is possible to transgress. The expression "law of nature" is so used by scientists that to speak of a violation of such a law must be contradictory and without sense'. Waiving the question whether it is correct to attribute precisely this unqualified position to me, I want to take issue with Fr. Ashton's objection. He comments, confidently: 'This is simply rubbish'. His reason is that scientific laws 'never acquire the logical necessity that Professor Flew would wish upon them. If they did, they would cease to be informative and become mere tautologies—they would not add one jot to what we know about the world and its workings'.

This objection is grounded on a rather elementary mistake. Certainly no one who has been to school with Hume would wish to maintain that propositions expressing laws of nature are logically necessary. But to say that a law of nature cannot by definition admit of any exception would not be either to say or to imply this. If we follow the definition suggested, propositions which express or which are believed to express laws of nature remain as contingent as ever. The only consequence is, as I did point out in my talk, that if something occurs inconsistent with the truth of some proposition previously believed to express a law of nature; then we are committed to not describing this as an exception to or violation of such a law. Instead we have to say that this occurrence shows both that that proposition is not true and that the law, at least as originally formulated, does not in fact hold.

(b) Fr. Ashton's third point—his second against me—concerns the two fundamental contentions which I find in Hume: 'first, that the present relics of the past cannot be interpreted as historical evidence at all, unless we presume that the same basic regularities obtained then as obtain today; and, second, that in trying as best he may to determine what actually happened the historian must employ as criteria all his present knowledge, or presumed knowledge, of what is probable or improbable, possible or impossible'. It is far from obvious that Hume's critics, either in his own time or today, have even begun to take the measure of this challenge. Fr. Ashton certainly confines himself to a supplementary suggestion: 'What Professor Flew appears to be saying is that any proposition of the form "any such thing must be so and so" has in virtue of its form alone, "vastly greater logical strength" than the "typical historical assertion"'.

This position would indeed be, as Fr. Ashton urges, grotesque. But my suggestion was quite different. It was: 'Any proposition which might express a law of nature will be open and general and of the form *any such thing must be so and so*. The typical historical assertion is particular and in the past tense'. Up to this point, admittedly, it might seem that the crux is the form alone. But the passage goes on: 'Propositions of the first sort can in principle be tested at any time and in any place. Propositions of the second sort cannot any longer be tested directly at all'. This surely makes it clear that the supplementary suggestion—like Hume's own original contentions—was concerned not with logical form in the abstract but concretely with evidence.

Fr. Ashton also sees the contention which he wrongly attributes to me as in some way based on the verification principle; and he speaks of one of my alleged assumptions as 'remarkably arrogant'. Since that much maligned principle was offered as a criterion of meaningfulness, while I was discussing questions about the evidence for the truth of stories the significance of which was not in dispute, it is curious that he claims to see the old verification principle exhumed, and that 'in so crude a form'. As for the more personal charge, Fr. Ashton may well be right, even if on a wrong ground. But perhaps intellectual arrogance is rather less likely—as well, of course, as less excusable—in a religious agnostic, than in someone who is under the impression that to him and to his



associates there has been vouchsafed some revelation of the Transcendent.—Yours, etc.,

Keele

ANTONY FLEW

## Friendly Plymouth

Sir,—Allow me to bring your contributor Mr. Ian Nairn (*THE LISTENER*, June 8) up to date. We are not all Philistines in Plymouth, and we value what can be saved of Foulston's work in central Devonport.

The new Devonport will not be 'a polite spread-out housing estate with no local feeling at all'. The Society has persuaded the Council in its new Ker Street Project to retain the Foulston Guildhall, the Egyptian-style Oddfellows Hall next to it, and the whole monumental row of Foulston houses opposite (numbers 26 to 35). It is true that the interiors will be reconstructed to afford modern living conditions, but the wonderful exterior façades will be retained and will look better than they have for fifty years when restored to their original colour and beauty.

Further, the Council has planned to bring new life into this civic centre in old Devonport by building in this present waste three sixteen-

storey flat blocks and other smaller flats, so that with gardens and hidden garages this eighteenth-century example of urban planning will once again fulfil its original function. The area is bounded naturally by the sea on one side and the Dockyard wall on two other sides, affording with its abrupt changes of level a wonderful opportunity of scenic building around the unchanged Foulston heart.

We have not demolished Foulston; we have made his work the very centre of a new urban group which would have delighted the cranky, original Foulston. We begin this year and it will be finished in three years. The plans were made by the City Architect, Mr. H. J. W. Stirling, and the City Engineer, Mr. John Ackroyd, acting and planning together.

Foulston's group is still there, and the Society and the Council will see that it stays there.

As to the Barbican, my Society's auxiliary, the Plymouth Barbican Association Ltd., now owns all the best of New Street and is gradually bringing back its Tudor splendour.—Yours, etc.,

Old Plymouth Society, STANLEY GOODMAN  
Plymouth Assistant Secretary

## Sir Charles Russell, Q.C.

Sir,—Lord Birkett tells us that in the Parnell case Russell sought to prove that the all-important letter had been forged by Pigott. In this letter the word 'hesitancy' was mis-spelled. When Pigott was in the box Russell told him to write a number of words, the last of them 'hesitancy', and this word Pigott mis-spelled as in the letter. But before telling him to write it Russell said: 'There is one word that I had forgotten' and this was a lie. Was it justified?

Yours, etc.,

Usk

RAGLAN

## Irish Linen

Sir,—In discussing 'A Case of Champagne' (*THE LISTENER*, May 25) I referred to Irish linen. I am grateful to the Irish Linen Guild for drawing my attention to the fact that the description Irish Linen can only properly be applied to linen made in Ireland and that there are trade marks for Irish Linen registered numbers 615687 and 615688.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

A. G. GUEST

# The Difficult Transition in Africa

(concluded from page 1075)

This chief's position was evidently becoming more limited as his trained officials assumed importance as the vehicles of change. But he still controlled land distribution and functioned as a magistrate. By contrast, in Moshi, Tanganyika, I visited a local authority of the Chagga-populated district, where the Paramount Chief was removed several years ago after a referendum; and where the local council now has an elected chairman. The assembly hall, secretariat-building and courthouse at Moshi are as modern and well-appointed as those of any English municipality. But several of the old Chagga sub-chiefs have been made ex-officio councillors—a tacit acknowledgment, perhaps, of the need to respect tribal allegiances and to effect change gradually.

Besides perpetuating archaic forms and ancient antagonisms, tribalism in East and Central Africa is associated with superstition and customs that bar the road to progress. Even the land-hungry will not move if it means resettling far away from the 'sacred groves' where the skulls of their ancestors lie buried. Of course, another motive for tribal 'staying-put' is the deep and understandable feeling that long-held land is the one secure basis of livelihood. But much of Kenya's rural overcrowding could probably be solved by resettling tens of thousands of Kikuyu and Luo tribesmen in the fertile, undeveloped southern part of Tanganyika. Such a bold scheme—though a pipe-dream under present conditions—might be realized within the framework of a future East African Federation. But it would involve, besides expenditure and organization, the more difficult problem of tribal reluctance to move. In 1956 the Tonga tribes of Northern Rhodesia were asked to transfer from near the Zambesi to a new resettlement area prepared for them. This was necessary because the new Kariba dam was about to flood the Tonga areas of habita-

tion. The tribes refused to move. Besides traditional reluctance, they suspected that they were simply being deprived of their good land; and when the Northern Rhodesian police tried to compel them, the Tongans made a battle-charge with spears. Several tribesmen were killed when the police opened fire in sheer self-defence.

One part of the old superstitious African life which dies hard is the activity of, and belief in, witch-doctors. In 1957 this brought a recrudescence of ritualistic cannibalism in one remote area of Barotseland; and the grip of the witch-doctor still reaches out even to individual African factory-workers who, believing that a spell has been cast on them, sometimes return in fear to their native village to get it exorcized.

Yet there are certain real virtues in African tribalism: first of all in the mutual help, and sense of duty, and of belonging in a human way. The tribal control of land distribution under the chiefs, although it has resulted in undesirable fragmentation, has, with some popular sanction, also safeguarded fair shares in land and prevented the evils that often develop under large-scale landlordism. Then the tribal spirit is also reflected in the wide, firm sense of family solidarity. Recently in Kenya I found something touching in the fact that about forty people of one Kikuyu family were holding together on a parched-up maize holding of eleven acres. The land was no longer supporting them, but seven of the young African men were bicycling thirty miles each day to and from Nairobi, to work in factories, in order to maintain their old people and children in the countryside. An African leader, on a recent visit to Britain, told one of his hosts that although Africans have much to learn from the British, yet the reverse also applies, especially in the matter of caring for old people. And he may be right.

Of course, the lack of social insurance in the towns of Africa is one reason why young Africans keep their connexion with their parents on the overcrowded land, but there is much human solidarity in the attitude too. There are also important implications for the possibilities of co-operative agriculture in this tribal holding-together. Extremely successful African co-operatives for marketing and other purposes have been developed in Tanganyika and Kenya, especially among coffee and cotton cultivators. And co-operative farming is an important instrument for preventing the large-scale and depressing proletarianization of the agricultural population. One British co-operative development officer in Kenya told me that, with all its attendant difficulties, the launching of free co-operatives starts with a real advantage in East Africa: 'The African likes a club', he said.

Perhaps the truth about African tribalism is that it has become too much of a label, has been too much associated with savagery, and with what is supposed to be peculiarly African backwardness of an almost occult kind. We are, in a sense, all tribalists. Certainly Europe emerged out of tribalism and—it might be cogently argued—has not yet entirely thrown it off in all its forms. The problem which faces East and Central Africa—and indeed the whole African continent—seems to be one of re-education, of building on the good things of tribal tradition, of taking advantage of the eagerness of the younger African generation to reconstruct their societies in a way which is both good and practical, by methods of persuasion not force. Yet even in these terms the challenge to the innovators in Africa remains complicated and immense.—*European Services*

*This is the last in Mr. Sington's series of talks: others were printed in THE LISTENER of May 11 and 18, and June 8 and 15.*



# Oskar Kokoschka and the 'Breakthrough'

By STEPHEN SPENDER

DESPITE THE ATTEMPTS to fit Oskar Kokoschka into the Expressionist movement, he is a unique phenomenon, a case of genius, easier to describe as what he is not than as what he is. He is not French, nor at all Latin, nor English. To describe him as Central European takes us about as far as to say that Van Gogh was Dutch. But it is useful to know that he was born in 1886, and that the drawings, lithographs, paintings and writings in his strongly characteristic early manner were done between 1909 and 1914, an epoch which we are coming more and more to think of as that of a Breakthrough. It includes not only expressionism, and the Blaue Reiter, but also the Russian Ballet, and *Prufrock*. Kokoschka is vintage of the Breakthrough which in him (his forefathers were goldsmiths of Prague) is Slavonic.

The colour reproductions of early paintings in this book\* give less idea than do the line blocks of drawings of the immense vitality of Kokoschka's work before the first world war. This may be partly because he was at that time a more effective lithographer and illustrator than painter, and partly because the coloured plates suffer from the great defect of all colour reproductions that, however exact the actual colour may be, the total effect of the colours in a painting depends not just on the relations of the coloured areas to each other, but on the size of those areas. A square foot of turquoise set beside a square foot of vermilion paint does not produce the same effect as three square inches of each colour, in the way that the scale of a drawing may be accurately reduced.

These early graphic works of Kokoschka suggest a harder, more dynamic and aggressive Chagall. They belong to a period when modernism was not so much international as inter-all-the-arts. His work of this period is always close to music—one might describe it as noisy or blaring—and it is in the best sense 'literary', with its message which is 'live!'. Chagall is himself a writer and his painting bursts at the seams into poetry.

It would be over-simple to say that Kokoschka's work preaches humanity, and it is misleading to say, as Mr. Bultmann does in his introduction, that he is on no side politically. What is true is something different: that no political party is on the side of Kokoschka. For this party is that of an art which, the spectator feels, should, in a better world, at some time be interpretable into action. He hates hatred, loves love, pities starving children, and gives the idea of humanity the intensity of vision. He preaches a gospel of colour as a metaphor for joy. His view of life is too crazy to be practicable, but he makes one despair, nevertheless, of societies where vision so close to human capabilities is impracticable. Like Lawrence's message, Kokoschka's vision may be unreal, but

it is more real than anything our parties and preachers serve up as reality.

Most purchasers of this book will get it for the illustrations, which are invaluable when they are in line, and, helpful, at the least, when in colour. The introduction by Bernhard Bultmann contains some information. Presumably

The bones of 'thought' which the writer is trying to boil down into acceptable glue, is that Vienna was both decadent and vital. However, he cannot quite say this, because to do so would lead him into discussing what he meant by the term 'decadent'.

Once you grasp the principle of Introdutcese, there is, it is true, a kind of fascination in Mr. Bultmann's writing. Triumphs of glue-making, like synthetic amber, can be found littered along the desert shore of the translate. There are artificial flies, perceptible in this, I think:

The names of Rilke and Hofmannsthal, Freud and Adler, Musil and Schoenberg, Karl Kraus and Franz Werfel must also be mentioned as characteristic of the intellectual atmosphere of Vienna before the first world war whilst Georg Trakl and Franz Kafka also belonged within this orbit. Powerful new departures coupled with instability marked this era...

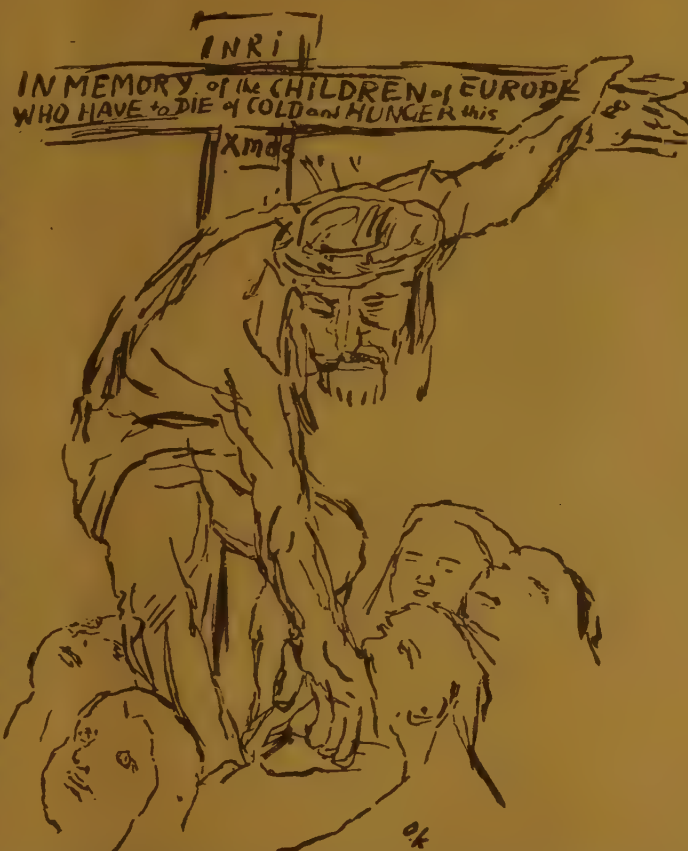
The aim of Introdutcese is to reduce irreconcilable elements ('instability' coupled with 'powerful departures') to the same substance—where possible, indeed, to make everything all of a sameness. Thus:

In the whole of his literary output—which occupies a similar position in the history of literature to that held by his paintings in the history of art—as in his pictures, Kokoschka aims at a direct expression of the predicament of the epoch and of mankind as a whole through the themes of unreleased sexuality, hopeless tragedy and decay.

This reduces statements which, if they meant what they said, would be challenging, to a kind of respectable incomprehensibility, a mere stream of generalizations. If Kokoschka were as

significant a writer as he is a painter, the proposition would deserve more than a parenthesis. 'Hopeless tragedy and decay' tells us so little about the pictures reproduced in this volume that, if the words were more than an empty phrase, the writer would have to explain how they applied to an artist of vision that is so often joyous, even though the joy is surrounded by horror.

Underlying Kokoschka's violence there is the kind of simplicity and faith which underlies the work of Blake. His world is direct, active and revolutionary. It depends on inspiration. When this flags, he is a flaccid and heavy, or merely charming, painter. But the purpose of Introdutcese is to avoid all clear statements, all controversy that has not been dead for fifty years, all distinctions. Reviewers and readers of art books have come to take Introdutcese, married to translate, too much for granted. The reviewer cannot wholly recommend people to pay five guineas for a book which, however numerous the illustrations, encases the artist in verbal glue.



Poster (lithograph) by Kokoschka, of which 5,000 copies were pasted up in London and other British cities in 1945 at the artist's expense  
From 'Oskar Kokoschka'

this is authoritative, since, unless Mr. Bultmann is a sole authority whom the publishers had to seek out in desperation, it is difficult to see how his essay will help the reader, apart from the facts it conveys. The translator, Mr. Michael Bullock, is responsible for the translate; but from experience of art-books I suspect that Mr. Bultmann himself writes what I can only term Introdutcese.

The characteristic of Introdutcese is that, in order to fill up some expensive-looking paper, bones of fact are boiled down into paragraphs like glue. A typical sentence, explaining Kokoschka's background, reads (that is, if one can read it):

Vienna was bursting with inner and outer life, the metropolis of a great supra-national empire in which the baroque consciousness of a universal monarchy lived on as an offshoot of the Roman idea of the State and at the same time consumed itself in *fin de siècle* decadent sensuality, hair-splitting intellectualism and crude self-confidence—a fertile soil which produced vital contributions to the intellectual, cultural and economic development of the whole of world history.



# Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

THE DAUMIER EXHIBITION at the Tate is an event of considerable excitement and it may eventually prove to have that kind of significance which will make artists, particularly young artists, refer to it autobiographically for a decade or more to come. Certainly it is also a field-day for critics, scholars, and art-historians who are here presented, in the space of a few galleries, with an almost complete set of undated pieces to arrange in debatable order or a whole iconology of figurative subject-matter to gather together into a sociological programme. Already there have come into being those prose-poems of appreciation peculiar to the English temperament which combine erudition and enthusiasm in respectable proportions. And all this is justified by an exhibition in which there are more masterpieces than supporting material.

It is pleasant to hear so many different reasons for liking an artist being expressed on all sides; but Daumier would have been as suspicious of some of the reasons and the reasoning as he was of the arguments of lawyers. The pictures of the hypocritical posturings of lawyers form a significant and almost isolated group of work: they show far more bite because they engage Daumier's passions on a personal level where elsewhere the more broadly caricatured ludicrousness of human manners and affectations are softened by a romantic view of vulgarity. Lawyers are denied the virtues of common failings.

The division in Daumier's life between his public lithographs and his private paintings can be overstressed if the one is seen only as the enemy of the other. With the exception of the Lawyer theme and the Don Quixote paintings, which have a personal symbolism for him, all of Daumier's subjects were common subjects for other artists. He experienced them in a personal way and recorded them by means of a fabulous memory for specific physiognomy and a sense of the total physical character of a body. He was not an intellectual man and without such constant experience and definition of the particular he might not have been able to rise to such profound generalizations in his paintings. Even between the preparatory drawings and the several painted versions of some of his subjects there is a continual refinement of each separate image.

The practice of working on lithograph stone also had its effect; not only does anyone who constantly draws in reverse become conscious of shape, silhouette and the shapes in between

shapes, but the wide margins of the stone accentuate the frailty and vaporousness of what is drawn floating in the middle and encourage the draughtsman to model clearly and heavily and to give substance to what might seem adequate on paper but thin when printed. Furthermore the demand in the lithographs for readily identi-

from the present action and seem to look back into her own life.

The retrospective exhibition of Marsden Hartley (1877-1943) at the U.S.I.S. Gallery is a piece of information in keeping with our European idea of what an American artist was like before we believed there was any American art.

The literary image of a displaced sensibility allied to a touch of grass-roots simplicity which is presented by the catalogue is not so far from the truth. His late pictures are drawn in subject from the strong forms of the Maine coast and the Maine fisherfolk and are a tribute to an unsophisticated physical life rather than to the spiritual adventure of a nagging expressionism which his previous life and work show. In the modern elegance of the U.S.I.S. galleries the final touch of sophisticated suppression of sophistication is evident in the frames of his pictures, which have a handmade look or are of scrubbed wood and in sixteen instances have real or simulated wormholes.

Now that there are so few Klees left outside museums (other people's museums, not

ours of course) any collected group of his work, such as the twenty-one pictures at the Molton Gallery, is an exciting event. Of all twentieth-century artists Klee is the one in whom imagination, intellect, and technique are most inseparably interwoven, and the one who can make us think of things we have seen but not recognized before by means of forms we have never seen before but are agelessly familiar with. Each picture repays attention and indeed the one illustrated demands it, fixing us from within warm washes of colour, staring at us with everything, eyes and mouths and chins and breasts.

A row of collage paintings by Barry Hirst are exhibited at the Obelisk Gallery with paintings by the Cuban surrealist Lam and the Chilean surrealist Matta. The association of the younger man with the matured authority of the established artists is sympathetic and perceptive. Although the sequence of Hirst's pictures would appear to begin with obvious allusions in style and material to analytical cubist works the element of objective structure or analysis which they suggest soon disappears and the images take on a wriggling life of their own capable of independent action, the cut planes becoming waving expressionist fronds. The collage materials also surrender their original prosaic qualities and become a point of departure for a fantasy-situation. As the paintings become more active they also shed their elegance of touch.



'Gruppe macht Augen' (1938), by Paul Klee: from the exhibition at the Molton Gallery, 44 South Molton Street, W.1

fiable prototypes with personal idiosyncrasies (which it was his instinctive talent to provide) probably absorbed or satisfied an inclination towards over-characterization which could otherwise have got in the way of his more profound yearnings.

On that deeper level his instinct was towards a self-contained image of the human figure, which had to convey more than just a social existence. It is noticeable that the contexts of Daumier's figures are mostly impersonal and not specifically class-conscious; even the beautifully illuminated paintings and prints his Collectors and Connoisseurs handle are simplified for the sake of the focus of the picture rather than the content.

People will like to think of Daumier as 'one of the people' because he was so obviously an attractive person, and a genius. The literature of romantic art will name his heroes as ordinary common men but in fact they are self-absorbed: e.g., 'Sancho Panza under a Tree' (88), 'Don Quixote Reading' (94), 'The Print Collectors', 'The Beer Drinkers' or 'The Bather at the Watering Place' (11) wiping his foot or, more particularly, the old woman in 'The Third-class Railway Carriage' (69) where, between the drawing of the same subject (190) and the painting a typical change has taken place. The old woman's eyes have left the young woman and her baby beside her and are now unfocused



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

Reconsiderations. A Study of History, Vol. XII.

By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford. £2 5s.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

NO SINCERE REVIEWER could close this substantial volume without first of all congratulating Dr. Toynbee on the successful completion of his life-work. As the dust of controversy settles, it is clear that the *Study of History* is one of the great books of our age, and, after reading it, no historian worth his salt will be able to see things in the same light as before. In three ways at least Toynbee is unique among present-day historians. First, he realized how widespread was the demand for a total vision of the past and how little historians were doing to fulfil that demand. Secondly, he taught us the relativity of our 'Europacentric' history and helped us to bridge the chasm between East and West. And, finally, at a critical moment he provided an answer to the 'deep-felt needs of people beset with the anxieties and uncertainties of the twentieth century'.

Rather unexpectedly, this final volume adds to, rather than detracts from, his achievement. Unexpectedly, because there is always a danger of anti-climax when an author turns aside to meet his critics, because recrimination and polemics are irritating and tedious except to those engaged in them. When this volume of *Reconsiderations* was announced, I was sorry Arnold Toynbee had not left his work to stand or fall on its merits; but I was wrong. In fact, this is probably the most interesting of Toynbee's books since 1939. The reason, I suspect, is that it keeps close to the central issues, that we are no longer stupified by an irresistible barrage of improbable names and reckless analogies. The fierce critical attack provoked by the publication of volumes VII to X in 1954 has forced Toynbee back to first principles; and the result is all to the good. Thus we get at last the exact definitions whose omission was so exasperating; we get a necessary clarification of Toynbee's position *vis-à-vis* sociologists such as Kroeber; but above all we get what seems to me a conclusive demolition of the interpretation of history as the pursuit of the unique and a triumphant vindication of the application of analytical and classificatory procedure to human affairs. This, I suspect, will survive long after Toynbee's own attempt at classification has been forgotten.

So far as the latter is concerned, it cannot unfortunately be said that the process of reconsideration has produced any fundamental change. Toynbee is prepared to trim his sails; he has no difficulty in correcting particular judgments, notably his hotly disputed views on Judaism; but I have looked in vain for retraction of any central tenet. The result is often disconcerting. When Toynbee tells us that his thesis of 'challenge-and-response' is a 'myth', that 'the distinction between a challenging environment and the people challenged by it is a fiction', and when he adds that the distinctions 'between leading minorities and the masses,

between minorities that are creative and those that are merely dominant, between creativity itself and uncreativity, between inspiration and mimesis, and between originality and diffusion', are also 'drawn too sharply', we may despairingly ask—considering the central role these principles played in the earlier volumes—just what is left of the overall theoretical structure. There is, indeed, a disarming modesty about the whole performance and an amazing lack of rancour, considering the scornful abuse it has latterly become fashionable to pour on Toynbee's head; but whether this is an adequate substitute for rigorous self-criticism is another question. Time and again Toynbee writes as though he thinks that it is enough to cancel out one criticism by citing another in the opposite sense, instead of answering it. It is a diverting intellectual game, but the result is less than satisfying.

Toynbee caught the disillusioned mood of the years of Belsen and Hiroshima, and it was then that his impact was greatest. But, as Francis Neilson observed ten years later, 'thought today runs in other channels'. Toynbee himself seems now to have sensed the change. The prophet with the imperious message has given way, in the present volume, to the pioneer 'blazing trails' to 'open up the jungle' and drawing a rough 'sketch-map' that 'not only may be superseded, but will be, and will be soon'. It is a modest role he has finally chosen for himself—perhaps too modest. In reality we need only to consider the reaction his work has provoked to measure its impact. Here, gathered as in an anthology, we see some of the best and liveliest minds of the age at grips with the issues Toynbee has raised: what more genuine tribute could any man desire? No amount of defects—and they are many and in some cases profound—should obscure the fact that no other living historian could have produced a work of such imaginative power, or taken so wide a view of human development.

## The Bluebells, and Other Verse

By John Masefield. Heinemann. 21s.

He has protested against it, but all the same I'm afraid we must use the word; it is 'escapism' that we have to consider when discussing Masefield's verse. There was a time when his vigour and slang, his cussing and swearing in verse, looked like social realism, a long-awaited new chapter in English poetry. The illusion has faded, and now one sees his work as a long look away from the society he lived in. This is perhaps simply to say that he was a Georgian; and certainly no writer could be more of his period.

What is positive in Masefield's verse is an awareness of intense moments of physical action and of a kind of eternity of which they are the guarantee. *Reynard the Fox*, with its Chaucerian prologue, represents an England immortal, an eternity won by absolute effort and endurance; through their total refusal to spare themselves, fox and huntsmen are left safe for another day. It is an idea echoed in *Dauber*, in the dying but triumphant hero's cry, 'It will go on'. The

theme derives from Kipling, but in Masefield, as in the music of Elgar, it carries undertones of doubt and melancholy, of fear that England, or the England of their class, may have no future after all.

Why, then, does one say that Masefield is escapist? It is because, contrary to appearances, he doesn't really look outside himself. In writing about the sea he meant, perhaps, to do for the merchant service what Kipling had done for the Indian army; indeed the Dauber goes to sea with just this ambition. But in fact he has none of Kipling's objective social vision. He is not really interested in the seamen for themselves; they are merely the Dauber's initiation into manhood, a symbol of hard-swearing, hard-smoking social otherness. Nor, again, is he seriously observing human and social fact in *The Widow in the Bye Street* and *The Daffodil Fields*; he is content for the stories to be the most trumpery of Victorian novelettes so long as he can inject them with poetry. In the fine concluding stanzas of both poems, the 'song' that the desolate mother and bride raise in their mourning is a sort of celebration of the poet's own powers. He turns his back on their sorrows to face, exalted, his old inspirers the countryside and the sea. The 'old tales of woe among the daffodils' becomes a breeze filling the topsail of a great ship—a symbol for his own verse.

To say this is not to condemn him; it is merely to define what he is doing. What is more damaging, however, is that, like other poets of his period, and like academic painters now, he sometimes gives an air of not taking his own art seriously. The bathos and misplaced naïveté that are often quoted against him are not, as in Wordsworth, the accidental results of an artistic theory; they are a symptom of not believing fully in what he is doing; and worse, of not caring. I am dubious about the 'objectivity', the openness to all kinds of impression for their own sake, for which Muriel Spark has praised him; but if it is a virtue, at all events its corollary seems to be artistic cynicism, an openness to the wrong suggestion as well as the right one, a disinclination for the solving of difficulties. How else explain his extraordinary badness when he is bad, or his unequalness even when he is good? *Reynard the Fox* remains a fine poem, but how tiresome the pastiche of its prologue; there are powerful things in *The Everlasting Mercy*, but oh, the fearful mish-mash of most of its dialogue.

There is, at least, too much acceptance of the second-best in Masefield's new volume for one to be able to praise it. Its rehashings of legends in sleepy iambics, its verses in praise of music, cherry-trees and naval pilots, make dim academy pieces. Here and there, there are flashes of power, as when Ossian wanders in the other world:

Eternal silence there,  
Save, when, at iron times a clangor claps  
As in the floe another chasm snaps,  
Or too intense a midnight splits the gneiss.

But on the whole, our laureate is taking it easy; and who are we to begrudge him?

P. N. FURBANK



### The Necessity for Choice

By Henry A. Kissinger.

Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Professor Kissinger is one of the pioneers in the current fashion among academic persons which makes them consider the study of the future more important than the study of the past. In his new book he applies his considerable powers of intellectual analysis to a number of problems, including the present balance of nuclear power, the possibility of limited war, American policy in Europe and, doubtless under the impact of his own experiences, the relation between the policy-maker and the intellectual.

Much of his discussion covers familiar ground; and those readers who have mastered the jargon, and enjoy arguments about the preemptive attack, escalation, or the difference between the missile gap and the deterrent gap or the first and second strike, will find Professor Kissinger's reasoning considerably more lucid than that in many books on the subject. It is, however, in the discussion of possible foreign policies for the U.S.A. that the limitations of this kind of approach become apparent, so that one wonders whether the attempt to elevate strategic speculation into an abstract science comparable, say, to economic theory, can ever in fact succeed. If statesmen, and particularly Mr. Khrushchev, thought as clearly and analytically as Mr. Kissinger, then the whole system might work; but there is little room in this way of thinking either for human passions and fallibility, or, more surprisingly, for the ideological considerations which govern Communist foreign policy and which make their approach fundamentally different from that of the Americans or British.

Since Professor Kissinger is believed to be close to the Kennedy Administration, it is interesting to see what he has to say about the most immediate problem confronting the U.S.A.—the question of Germany and Berlin. Here his conclusions are scarcely different from those of the German Federal Government, as reflected, for example, in Dr. Grewe's recent *Deutsche Aussenpolitik der Nachkriegszeit*. The necessity and desirability of restoring what is virtually Bismarck's Germany is accepted as axiomatic; and Professor Kissinger writes: 'The end of the freedom of Berlin would be the beginning of the end of the freedom of Europe'. It would seem, however, that in Professor Kissinger's view, Berlin is almost bound to lead to the war which, if I follow his strategic arguments correctly, the Nato powers cannot possibly win under present circumstances. Now it is obvious that we have a direct moral responsibility to the people of West Berlin for preventing them from falling under Communist rule: but this is not necessarily connected with the question of German unification. It might well be that, by recognizing the German Democratic Republic, and accordingly accepting the division of Germany for the foreseeable future—which in practice we will probably have to accept anyway—we might be able to find a genuine international solution for Berlin, perhaps on the lines suggested by Senator Mansfield. (Since the possibility of moving the U.N. to Vienna has been suggested, might we not move it to Berlin and solve several problems at once?) Once the division of Germany is accepted, coexistence in Europe becomes possible.

There would be a clear frontier, infringement of which would provide a clear *casus belli*, instead of the uncertainties of the present situation in which Berlin provides endless opportunities for the Communists to make difficulties, of each of which it might be said that it hardly justifies a war.

Professor Kissinger is as sombre as President Kennedy himself about the prospects before us. Indeed, his purpose in writing is clearly to make us take the situation more seriously than most of us do, though he is hardly as eloquent as the senior of our contemporary Cassandras, Mr. Joseph Alsop. Mr. Kissinger is in fact performing the function of prodding our complacency and forcing us to think hitherto exercised by the best journalists, such as Mr. Walter Lippmann. The task is an admirable one; but there is a danger that now it is presented as a scientific operation conducted by senior academic persons, too much weight may be attached to the conclusions of writers like Professor Kissinger, and their arguments may acquire an authority which is not always justified. War may be too serious to be left to generals; it is certainly too serious to be left to dons.

JAMES JOLL

### The Century of Revolution, 1603-1714

By Christopher Hill. Nelson. 25s.

Despite the ever-growing volume of research on Stuart England—or perhaps because of it—there has long been a notorious lack of a comprehensive, up-to-date guide to the period for the student and the general reader. Mr. Hill's book, therefore, deserves a warm welcome, both for embodying so much of the best recent work on this seminal century, not least his own, and for welding it into so thoughtful and stimulating a synthesis. For he is not only deft at demolishing the familiar distortions and sentimentalisms. What he sets out to do is to take us beyond the outward forms of events and explain what really happened; he seeks to present a transformation of society, government and thought which 'embraced the whole of life'. In generous measure he succeeds. In particular, he keeps us always aware of the great mass of the people who were too poor and too inarticulate, except in a few brief years of revolution, to break the surface of political history.

The form of the book is unconventional. Each of the four parts into which it is chronologically divided begins with the tersest possible outline of events, then puts flesh on the bare bones with chapters on economics, politics, and religion and ideas. Without some prior knowledge of the period, the tyro will probably find this harder to assimilate than a more straightforward narrative. But as an attempt to present revolutionary changes in depth, the method justifies itself by the success with which it blends social and economic forces into the total pattern, and illumines the conflicts of ideas, motives and values which give meaning to events.

Omissions are bound to draw criticism in a book which attempts so much. Foreign relations get very scant treatment before 1688, and so do the main institutions of government and administration; Parliament excepted; the reaction against the old sort of constitutional and diplomatic textbook-fodder is carried rather far. Colonial expansion is touched on only as it

affects the trends of trade. And though Mr. Hill writes with great insight and authority about puritanism, his concentration on its social and political implications may cause the raw reader to miss something of its essence.

But if these are deficiencies, the positive virtues of the work far outweigh them. Chief among these are its author's very wide reading among the sources, his flow of vivid quotations, and above all his fresh thinking on so many aspects of his subject.

AUSTIN WOOLRYCH

### Edith Simcox and George Eliot

By K. A. McKenzie. Oxford. 18s.

Edith Simcox is not a well-known name. Until the present volume, few apart from specialists can ever have even heard of her, but Professor McKenzie, by his careful and loving editing of her sad little autobiography, has rescued her from oblivion. It was a worth-while task. Born in 1844 into a civilized middle-class family, Edith Simcox was a highly intelligent, sensitive, and learned woman. How she acquired her learning we do not know, but her knowledge of Latin was sound, she could read Plato in Greek, and spoke French fluently. She wrote three books, a quantity of miscellaneous journalism, was active in politics and played an active part in the trade union movement. With her friend Mary Hamilton she founded and ran a successful shirt and collar manufacturing company in Soho to employ women under decent working conditions, hence the title of her life story *Autobiography of a Shirtmaker*, which forms the foundation of Professor McKenzie's book. As Professor Gordon Haight points out in his illuminating introduction, she quite belies 'the stereotyped caricature of the Victorian female as languid and frail, sitting in elegant crinoline, reading novels from Mudies'. All this is useful as modifying the contemporary image of the Victorian woman, but the fascination of Edith Simcox does not lie in her well-intentioned and well-organized social activities, but in her inner life, which was almost entirely constituted by her passion for George Eliot.

George Eliot both required and inspired devotion, and apart from the ever-flowing fount provided by George Henry Lewes, gathered round her a band of men and women who supplied subsidiary sources. Among the women who fell under her intellectual influence were Mrs. Mark Pattison, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones, and Mrs. Frederick Lehmann. Edith Simcox certainly had intellectual affinities with George Eliot, but she was unique in the intensity of the devotion she felt for her beloved. Miss Simcox evidently felt no especial attraction for men, and all the feeling, with which she was liberally endowed, and which in other women would have flowed in more conventional channels, was directed to Mrs. Lewes. They first met in December, 1872, and Edith Simcox remained devoted to her until her beloved's death in 1880 and long after. The intensity of her passion—and also George Eliot's reaction to it—can be gauged from the following passage:

'Monday came at last, but hardly the greeting I had dreamt of; the first thing I saw was Lewes stretched upon the sofa, and in concern for him I lost something of the sight of her. He was affectionate, and when I said I wanted to kiss her feet he said he would let me do it as much as I liked—or—correcting himself—as



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much as she liked. He could enter into the desire though she couldn't. I did in spite of her protests lie down before the fire and for one short moment give the passionate kisses that filled my eyes with tears—and for the rest of the evening her feet avoided the footstool where I had found them then'.

George Eliot probably understood the nature of this passion, and tried delicately and tactfully to keep it in check without administering a hurtful rebuff. Miss Simcox records sadly how Mrs. Lewes warned her 'that the love of men and women for each other must always be more and better than any other and bade me not wish to be wiser than "Gbd who made me"', and added that 'she had never all her life cared very much for women'. Miss Simcox was not to be put off by this mild rebuke, and it is clear that her devotion, half sensuous, half religious, was in a curious way acceptable to the idol. George Henry Lewes knew it and with a typical unselfishness not only allowed her to pay her homage, but openly sympathised with her in her worship. On his death Miss Simcox entertained hopes of a closer union, but these were dashed by the marriage to John Cross, who was less sympathetic and detached. After George Eliot's death the passion gradually faded in intensity, so that by the time of Edith Simcox's own death in 1901 the fierce pain had burnt itself away and there remained only a tranquil recollection of what she once described as 'the love passion of my life'.

Like all accounts of unrequited passion, Edith Simcox's is sad, but it has more of pathos than of tragedy. She did not fret or moon her life away nor allow it to deflect her from her unspectacular but useful tasks. The relationship gave her an outlet for emotions which might otherwise have turned rancid, and the very fact that they were not reciprocated helped to keep her devotion alive. The worshipper does not (normally) expect the madonna to descend from her plinth and embrace her. Edith Simcox's life is a moving little gloss on the vagaries of the human affections, and we should all be grateful to Professor McKenzie for its preservation.

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVES

## The Penguin Book of French Verse. 1. To the Fifteenth Century.

Edited by Brian Woledge. 5s.

It is unfortunate that the first volume of *The Penguin Book of French Verse* is the last to be published. *To the Fifteenth Century* has been little noticed, as if it were a pedantic appendix to the other volumes and of little interest to the general reader. A chance has been missed to hail the completion of the Penguin plan: no French verse-anthology of such generous scope exists anywhere, not even in France. This first volume is a wide selection from a period inaccessible to most of us. It is disappointing, after the brilliant introductions of Mr. Brereton and Mr. Hartley to the poetry of the subsequent centuries, that Mr. Woledge's own introductory pages should seem a little pedestrian; those who are alarmed by the rebarbative medieval French will not feel wholly compensated by the necessary help with language and versification. Mr. Woledge assures us that 'Old French poetry . . . is worth reading today for the simple reason that it offers us an immense amount of pleasure'—an assurance which can be swiftly proved by a glance at the index of first lines:

'En mai quant neist la rosée . . .'  
'Est il paradis, amie . . .'  
'Toute seule passerai le vert bocage . . .'  
'En Hainault et en Brabant ai . . .'  
'Le beau soleil, le jour saint Valentin . . .'

We have entered, without hindrance, the crystal world of the medieval poem.

One needs, I think, to move about freely in this particular section of the anthology, taking the obvious delights first: the anonymous *Aubes*, *Reverdies*, *Pastourelles*, *Motets* and *Rondeaux*, a poetry already familiar to us from the verse transpositions of Pound from the Provençal, and if there is nothing from Provence here these poets have drunk deep at that source. Then, perhaps, Charles d'Orléans, whose poems of exile became passionately contemporary for French prisoners (and indeed a whole nation imprisoned) during the last war. Then back to the beginnings in *Roland* and the *Romans* before reaching, at last, the great Villon. In this way we shall discover that Villon is neither a beginning nor an isolated phenomenon; we shall begin to see French poetry as a whole in which Villon summed up his predecessors and has been a necessary corrective to the post-symbolist poetics and the pervasive influence of Rimbaud and Lautréamont.

And our own poets? How much did the later Yeats owe to Villon through the translations of Synge? How much Eliot, behind the more obvious debts to Laforgue and Corbière? How much will the younger poets be indebted to him through the recent 'imitations' of Robert Lowell? To reach Villon—or to find him reaching ourselves—is not so much a question of translation into approximately equivalent verse, though H. B. McCaskie has probably done this job as well as it can be done. Norman Cameron's transposition into seventeenth-century English was not an entirely successful answer to a problem which can be solved only in such bold re-creation as Lowell has attempted. Mr. Woledge would not pretend to do more than offer the assistance of a crib; but if that, why, in line 58 of *Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière*, must he render the word for which Lowell uses 'vagina' and Cameron the audacious 'twat', as 'that precious treasure'? The excellent McCaskie, alas, has 'the dainty prize', but that was fifteen years ago. Don't we now, in a Penguin, after all the recent fuss, deserve better than that?

H. G. WHITEMAN

## The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes

By Vincent Starrett. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Mr. Starrett, in a book of collected pieces, from which Holmesians can learn much, includes a pastiche of a Holmes story, a kind of fun which is too easy to be impressive. He gives a useful list of Holmes's monographs and of the more than sixty cases whose Watsonian recordings have been denied to the world. Could even two be brought to light, which would we pick? 'The Adventure of Ricoletti of the Club Foot and his Abominable Wife' and 'The Affair of the Politician, the Lighthouse, and the Trained Cormorant' sound the most alluring candidates.

The real subject of the book, as indicated by the title, is well handled, especially in recounting the life and hard times of Mrs. Martha Hudson, whose 'gentlemen's chambers' were subject to constant violin-playing, puncturing of the wall-

paper with pistol-shots, chemical experiments, and violent invasion by criminals, Scotland Yard, and street arabs. None but Mrs. Hudson could have stood it. What then of 221B? Mr. Starrett is probably right in holding that there could not have been another lodger, either 'ground-floor front' or 'third-floor back'. But since Holmes and Watson had only three rooms in a Baker Street house there was space available. Incidentally, was there a bathroom? Is there any mention of either of them ever having a bath at all?

Presumably the shared sitting-room in which meals were eaten as well as cocaine taken, laboratory equipment stored, small-arms discharged, a small library available, volumes of filed and unfiled papers kept, and correspondence conducted in a haze of smoke and music, must have been occasionally 'done'. Mrs. Hudson would never dare to confront Holmes with Mrs. Mopp's 'Can I do you now, Sir?', but there were absences on duty in which she could make a drive into this frowsty and formidable chaos. Her rooms were originally chosen because cheap, but one is glad to be reminded by Mr. Starrett that payments in the end were 'princely'. They were amply earned.

On the fascinating subject of Holmes's income Mr. Starrett makes one interesting discovery. He reprints in facsimile the leaf from Conan Doyle's notebook in which we learn that the detective's name was first considered as Sherrinford Holmes and the doctor as Ormond Sacker. Amendment was never more necessary or better made. The leaf also states that Holmes had four hundred a year, a considerable sum in the eighteen-eighties when, according to a statement of Watson's in 'The Noble Bachelor', 'eight shillings for bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry pointed to one of the most expensive hotels in London'.

But, having established why Holmes in his youth did not have to earn a living, Mr. Starrett, while discussing the detective's so rarely mentioned scale of charges for his services, omits the cheque for £6,000 demanded and got from the Duke of Holderness whose son was villainously extracted from 'The Priory School'. Pocketing the cheque Holmes said, 'I am a poor man, Watson'. Later, in 'Thor Bridge', Holmes said that 'my professional charges are on a fixed scale, unless I remit them altogether'. Even with many remissions, especially for such as poor Miss Violet Hunter of 'The Copper Beeches', there can hardly have been a fixed scale of £6,000. The Duke's affair must have been a special 'killing', if such a term of contemporary finance can be applied to Holmes, who seemed to be less gifted as an investor than as an investigator. He ended poorly enough. For the final retirement to bee-keeping in 'the little Sussex home' does not indicate plenty.

Mr. Starrett is an American devotee and attended the famous dinner of 1934 when Alexander Woollcott somehow acquired two hansom cabs in which to drive down Fifth Avenue. The Americans have not only their New York Baker Street Irregulars but similar fraternities of the faithful widely scattered. It is nice to know that, when the exact locality of 221B was being discovered, Doyle said to a fervent Holmesian that he had never been in Baker Street in his life, or, if he had, he had forgotten it.

IVOR BROWN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Regulars on Parade

OF THE ELEVEN main evening documentary programmes last week, eight belonged to series that have been running for some time. One, 'The Valiant Years', began its re-screening ('in response to popular request') before its first twenty-six-week cycle has been completed. Evidently new ideas and new writers are rarer in television documentary, latest of the communicative arts, than in any of the older forms. Perhaps the B.B.C. is saving some really first-class material for the darker evenings of autumn and winter, and who will quarrel with them if they are?

Meanwhile we have several run-of-the-mill lines to help us while away the year's longest and loveliest days, and one or two a little better than that.

'The Move Up Country' (June 15) was in the second category, and it was written, significantly one would think, by a comparative newcomer to television, Simon Raven. The relationship of a leader to those he leads is one of the oldest and still one of the most fruitful themes for a writer. Mr. Raven chose an example from a modest sector of the vast range of possibilities—a company commander in a British regiment in East Africa at the present time. The company, with others in the battalion, is preparing to move up country for a six-months spell of policing.

Captain Symonds is a likable young man who has within his nature the sensitivity to others' problems and the firmness of resolve demanded of his rank. He needs both qualities in dealing with a love-sick colour-sergeant, a bumptious platoon commander, an impossible colonel, and other minor matters.

This seemed to me to be a tidy, unambitious, and on the whole satisfying example of the genre dramatized documentary, much more competently written than most but losing some

of its force by unconvincing portrayals of the colonel and the quartermaster.

'P.O.W.: 2—The Road to Resistance' (June 13) was also about soldiers but the problems it touched on, resistance to brain-washing following capture by the enemy, were much larger than those that faced Captain Symonds. This was the second of a two-part film from America, and it provided a disturbing glimpse of an aspect of modern war that, even today, few of us have thought about.

These were the only two uncommitted programmes of the week, apart from visits to Royal Ascot on four afternoons and a seat somewhere between pit and dress circle for parts of a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* by the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet (June 11), tantalizing rather than satisfying because the recording was made during an actual performance and the television cameras were not able to achieve, in the matter of angles and close-ups, and lighting, what they can achieve so strikingly.

But some of the regulars came up with good instalments. 'Lifeline' (June 16) introduced to us a frustrated cat that took to drink and became an alcoholic. Its frustrations were man-made and the alcohol was man-supplied (in Vienna, in the interests of medical science); and it was an extraordinary thing to watch the filmed record of the cat's decline to a condition in which it was incapable of purposeful action, and its rehabilitation. The consultant psychiatrist pointed out that there was no exact parallel between the cat and human alcoholics, but the inferences to be drawn were horrifying enough.

A necessary preliminary to the upsetting of the cat's routine that led it to alcoholism was the establishment of a rigid behaviour pattern. And, strangely, the same evening, we had been shown another example of conditioned reflex in, of all things, crocodiles. It happened in David Attenborough's fascinating film series on his Madagascan trip ('Zoo Quest', June 16). A fertility rite practised by a tribe there decrees that the women shall sit chanting on the bank of a lake while a cow is sacrificed and its flesh thrown to the crocodiles, believed to be the tribe's ancestors. As soon as the chanting begins, and before the



'The Move Up Country', with (left to right) John Carson as Captain Symonds, Leslie Dwyer as C.S.M. Williams, and John Westbrook as Captain Hargreaves

cow is killed, the crocodiles, having been long enough at the game to know that women singing means food, start moving towards the shore. It was a sight that made the idea of Pavlov's dogs seem very ordinary.

'Eye on Research' (June 14), forsaking pure scientific theory, examined the potential applications of magnetic motors to industry. The programme must have appealed enormously to the thousands of budding inventors among us, and what made it more enjoyable were the frankness of the staff of Manchester University's Electrical Engineering Department in acknowledging their failures and the youthful enthusiasm of their steady stalking of success.

Mr. John Grist, producer of 'Gallery' (June 15) also turned in an above-average edition, with John Freeman's interview with the Colonial Secretary as its star turn. The presence of Mr. Macleod, and his agreeing to be quizzed by Mr. Freeman, was surely one more proof that 'Gallery', in its short life, has established itself as an important platform for politicians as well as for political commentators.

PETER POUND

### DRAMA

#### Talk of Alexander

ALEXANDER IS A creature who holds an eternal fascination for the generations that have succeeded his action-packed thirty years. His youth, his reputed good looks, his exuberance and assurance, his startlingly unbelievable military victories, the vastness of his conquests, the staunchness of his men, never assuage our appetite for Alexandrian speculation.

Historians have dealt in the facts and romancers have used such as they wished for their highly coloured tales. Novelists, with the same material, but greater discretion, more wisdom, and some depth of understanding, have re-created for us the heroic figure. Films have exploited his glamour. Nor has he been ignored



Seen in 'Zoo Quest to Madagascar': Madagascans returning the newly wrapped corpse of a relative to the tomb after the yearly ceremony of entertaining the dead with feasting and dancing





*Adventure Story*: Sean Connery (kneeling, centre) as King Alexander with Paul Stassino as the murdered King Darius

by the dramatist. Terence Rattigan some years ago made an attempt to examine Alexander in popular psychological terms. That the attempt was unsuccessful is by no means entirely Mr. Rattigan's fault. Whatever one may feel about his capabilities, no one can dispute his desire to conquer a difficult subject. *Ross*, still playing well at the Haymarket, almost manages to explain a similar enigma of character.

And seeing *Adventure Story* (June 12) again on television one appreciated a possible reason for its commercial failure. In *Adventure Story* Mr. Rattigan was, I think, unprepared to commit himself as fully as he should have done to this theme. His skill in the art of drama clearly forced his hand where his wish to write with depth and feeling was concerned. Every scene depicting Alexander's inexorable progress is presented with extraordinary accomplishment. This was obvious in the theatre a dozen years ago. It is even clearer today under the squinting close-up of television. Alexander's personality remains as enigmatic as Ross's does today. Yet whereas in *Ross* we feel that an explanation has eluded the dramatist despite his attempts at finding a solution, in the earlier *Adventure Story* the impression gained is that the playwright has mistaken dramatic expertise for the ability to disclose motivation. Nevertheless, as Rudolph Cartier's production affirmed, the play is by no means as negligible as memory and first reports suggested.

Where this production was less happy was in Sean Connery's Alexander. At no time was the hero's effervescent youthfulness sufficiently in command. Instead a wily guerrilla, already war-toughened, led the courageous band. More completely in tune with his part was Lyndon Brook with his cynically reckless, but honest and fearless Philotas. More broadly comic was the Cleitus of Michael Brennan, while the true blue Hephaestion, a hard part, came over well enough in William Russell's capable hands.

*Sambo and the Snow Mountains* (June 15) from Walter de la Mare's story was in an altogether different key: a gentle fantasy which told of a small black boy's agonizing wish to be white. The only way in which he can achieve his desire is by art, by deceit. Such falseness must lead inevitably to loneliness, since the world cannot tolerate two-facedness. The result is that Sambo, though white from head to foot by liberal use of the whitewash bucket, is left wishing that sometimes he were black.

This cautionary tale, told to music in John

Addison's pleasingly appropriate, if never outstandingly apposite, compositions, has been adapted and produced by Margaret Dale with considerable care for movement, atmosphere and stylistic cohesion. Her narrator, Norman Shelley, tended to be far too arch and obtrusive, but Miss Dale herself as producer must bear a large proportion of the blame here. With Sambo, however, she was perfectly in key. Dudley Hunte delightfully kept pace with the play's changing moods, and his at times formalized approach balanced the more realistic moments.

After the innocence of Sambo, the worldly



Dudley Hunte as Sambo in Walter de la Mare's *Sambo and the Snow Mountains*

wiseness of the Jews in Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street* came as a shock. This is the new Friday serial adapted by Allan Prior with the script assistance of Michael Dines. But the extra authors even could not inject life into this turgid chronicle of Jews on the climb. I found the atmosphere alien enough to put me off entirely. The attitudes to life, so aggressively tied to acquiring position and wealth, must sicken all but those for whom this is just half an hour's cosy soap opera—the Jews' 'Mrs. Dale's Diary'. Possibly this is an exaggerated representation of Golding's best-seller (I have not myself read it; but then I am not assessing it as a novel). Certainly the slowness of Vivian A. Daniels's production, by lingering over unattractive human foibles emphasized the unpleasant aspects of this community. Nor was he helped by acting which, lacking the humorous, overdramatic self-mockery that salts Jewish behaviour, was dismally poverty-stricken in emotional outlay.

To end on a less sour note, Ron Moody's excur-

sion into Tin Pan Alley land on June 14 was lit by a mordant glee that was exactly what the subject needed. Mr. Moody's Toy Soldier marionette-like automatism had the perfect nightmare quality for the subject.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### The First Essay

SINCE SIR TYRONE GUTHRIE wrote *The Flowers Are Not For You to Pick* (Home, June 12) in 1930, production techniques have been refined and can now meet the requirements of his script. Listeners too have changed, and the one-time original device of projecting random thoughts to convey character and situation is now so familiar that the technique involved in this play no longer surprises. Thanks to plays like this, we readily accept the convention that a man is drowning in the China Seas and that we are eavesdropping on his thoughts as he reflects on scenes from his life. We have become so used to the method that an early experiment like this seemed to creak occasionally. When Sir Tyrone wrote the play the potentialities of radio were unknown and it is therefore not surprising that in the excitement of finding a new way of putting across situations and character, he should neglect the exposition of the moral. The thoughts of Edward, the failed Anglo-Irish clergyman (Denys Hawthorne), returned to the bosom of an L. P. Hartley family, were dramatically successful, but the significance of the moral that the flowers were not for him to pick was not pointed sufficiently. The play emerged as an interesting essay in the use of radio technique but remembrance of the work which has been done since made me aware of its limitations.

When I read the play about two years ago I did not notice the baldness of its theme and felt only that the naturalistic dialogue would date it and present a producer today with problems. John Gibson's production overcame the archaisms of everyday nineteen-twenties speech but it was ironic to realize that a Guthrie dramatic work should illustrate the Guthrie thesis that the producer is king. The idea of the play is the same now as it was in 1930 but Mr. Gibson's clothing of it was subtly different. Improved techniques now allow for better timing, more perspective in sounds and more control by the producer over the words that are finally heard. Mr. Gibson's expert production



Scene from the first episode of *Magnolia Street*, with (left to right) Carl Jaffé as Mr. Emmanuel, Meier Tzelniker as Mr. Billig, Michael Poole as Rabbi Shulman, and Paul Hardtmuth as Reb Berel



exploited the idea of the play as a piece of radio but it showed up the fragility of the story line. To say this is not to detract from Sir Tyrone's achievement, which was to draw attention to a method of production that is now accepted by listeners and writers for radio.

The device in literature of a narrator who buttonholes the reader like an Ancient Mariner is not always a happy one. The use of speech syntax and the sudden movement of the narrative which gives the reader only a belated inference of what has happened can be tiresome, and I remember how much it troubled me when I read Camus's *The Fall* (Third, June 14) which was performed by Paul Scofield and produced by H. B. Fortuin. It was therefore delightful to discover the work again. It was as if *The Fall* had been waiting for this treatment. Mr. Scofield gripped hold of the judge penitent in Amsterdam and never let him go. He did not let his listeners go either, and I think that his performance ought to rank among the very best that have ever been given on the air. He was helped—as Camus's work was also helped—by the highly sensitive use which Mr. Fortuin had made of background noises supplied by the Netherlands Radio Union. The control and mixing of these effects of Amsterdam life was so deft, however, that they never once ran amok and muffled Mr. Scofield. I suspect that the style of the book has estranged some of Camus's admirers, and I can only hope that they will listen to this rendering of it when it is repeated on July 6.

Mr. Stephen Grenfell's interest in contemporary social problems is commendable but his examination of them in dramatic form is not always as subtle as it was in *Involved in All Mankind* (Home, June 15). Too often his characters discuss modern youth as if it were some kind of disease of an unmentionable kind. In this play the youth leader, Arthur Vance, was corruptible. He had seen a murder suspect on a 'bus, and in spite of the fact that three women had been done to death in his suburb he refused to come forward. At first Mr. Grenfell seemed to be hinting that his hero refused because the murderer was a member of his youth club. But he ended by supplying the motive that Vance feared that publicity would prevent him obtaining a child from an adoption society. This motive did not seem sufficient, and Mr. Grenfell obviously did not think so either. The man eventually came forward when he feared that his wife had become a victim of the murderer. He was treated with suitable contempt by the police (Norman Claridge and Jon Rollason), which was heightened by the discovery of another murder. The play ended with his wife (Catherine Dolan) collecting him like a sack of coal from the police station. The socially-conscious message that people would help the police more if fear did not keep them silent was put across effectively, and Mr. Grenfell has to thank Robert Stephens for a very clever rendering of Arthur Vance.

The exponents of extempore theatre ought to pay some attention to current developments in *The Archers*. Messrs. Turner, Mason, and Webb must make the serial up as it goes along, but it also seems that they are more in the hands of their audience than the players in *The Connection*. Sometime last year they got Carol Grey (Anne Cullen) engaged to Mr. Grenville (Michael Shaw) and were bombarded by Archer fans who felt that she ought to have married John Tregorran (Basil Jones). They could not immediately revoke the engagement but they have now managed to do so by making Mr. Grenville insist that Carol undergoes a medical examination before marriage. Public sentiment is still against such examinations and Carol thus emerges with honour from the hated engagement. The script writers are now having their revenge on their audience. John Tregorran has

turned Carol down and the audience is being made to feel sorry for Mr. Grenville, who has gone ahead with his examination which has given rise to anxiety about his lungs. Messrs. Turner, Mason, and Webb have won the rubber, but they must be wondering how long it will be before the audience tries its hand at the script again. To them, the illusion of *The Archers* must on occasions seem like a monster that has suddenly become a reality to its listening millions.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### The Way We Live

DOES A WOMAN dress to please a man, or to outdo other women? How much does a man judge a woman by her clothes? How much, indeed, do Englishmen observe them? What does a Frenchman think of the way we dress? I wish René Cutforth had answered some of these questions, and had found a good cross-section of men-in-the-street to tell us what they feel about feminine fashions. As it was, 'The Way We Live Now' (Home Service, June 11) was too heavily lop-sided, and he seemed to agree with one of his speakers that this is a male world. However, he had some sprightly things to report from Savile Row and Covent Garden; I liked the idea of boosting faded khaki shirts (with dark patches where the medal ribbons had been), and my heart went out to the woman who listed her number one horror as a man who wore sandals off the beach. (The fact that emerged most clearly from this programme was that Englishwomen prefer conventional dress for men.) This enquiry into British clothes was not perhaps vintage Cutforth, but it was a pleasant stimulant; I look forward to 'Cutforth Talking': the series of personal chats we are promised during the intervals of the summer Promenade Concerts.

Talking of personal chats, I was glad to hear the close-up of Tyrone Guthrie, repeated on the Home Service (June 11). I picked up quite a few stage tips on the art of stabbing a woman gently, and was held by the account of directing 'The Merchant of Venice' in Israel. Larry Morrow's minimal questioning brought us a fine response. It told us much more about Tyrone Guthrie than 'Double Life', the talk he gave us in April: here was a natural introduction, not a performance.

Two further programmes on the arts: the selection from Swinburne's poems (Third Programme, June 9) gave us due measure of his decadence, richness, and technical prowess; Gary Watson and Alan Wheatley read with skill and feeling, but I wished Mr. Gross had had a radio manner to match his presentation. 'New Comment' (Third Programme, June 14) introduced a pleasant post-Betjeman talk by Lawrence Alloway on the architecture of cinemas; and it was a *coup* to have Sir Philip Henty discussing the nation's new Giorgione on the day its purchase was officially confirmed. But it did seem strange that we had a debate on 'Australian Painting 1961', the exhibition discussed by 'The Critics' on June 11; and it was stranger still to hear that next week Miss Murdoch's novel would be reviewed, when 'The Critics' had planned to discuss it in the interim. Is this deliberate policy or a lack of co-ordination?

The mention of co-ordination brings me to 'How's It Done?' (Home Service, June 10), which gave us a glimpse of the backroom boys in the telephone service. We were offered some curious tidbits of information about men who struggle down manholes to test for gas; we heard how TIM works, how Hull Corporation runs its independent telephone service. We heard some pretty self-conscious personal telephone calls, but though the programme had

too many coy moments for me, it was efficient.

The two final programmes I heard last week brought me back, pretty sharply, to the way we live now. 'I'm not a particularly wise man' said Mr. Gerald Nabarro, M.P., towards the end of 'What's the Idea?' (Home Service, June 16). It would have taken a Q.C. or Mr. Freeman to stand up to Bernard Levin and Bernard Williams on the problems of crime and punishment. Their questions were swift, acute, and unrelenting, and their command of facts was unremitting; and Mr. Nabarro, protesting that his points 'could not be proved by statistics' put up an ineffective defensive action. It was a pleasure, however, to listen to such a pugnacious broadcast, tempers were really lost, politeness became quite strained, and we heard the ring of authenticity. This was a live broadcast in every sense.

There was authenticity, too, about 'Hard Beds in London' (Home Service, June 18): a documentary about homeless people. True, it contained the stupidest question ever heard in an interview: 'My wife was murdered in Glasgow four years ago.' 'Was that a terrible shock to you?' But, this classic apart, I have nothing but praise for Merfyn Turner, who built up a quite terrifying picture of homeless people escaping from life: defiant, wretched, cheerful, proud, and utterly degenerate. The conversation with the coven of methylated spirit drinkers made the most distressing broadcast for months. I began by thinking in terms of Pinter and Beckett: there was a *Godot* touch about it all. But there is no drama like reality.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

## MUSIC

### Prokofiev and Mahler



ALMOST A QUARTER of a century ago (October 1936) an article appeared in this journal over the signature of the present writer in which Prokofiev was described as the 'musical Playboy of the Western World'. This was in reference to the compositions of his 'Parisian' period, and more especially to a broadcast of his ballet *Chout* which Diaghilev first produced in Paris in 1921. At that time, and, indeed, up to the year 1933 when Prokofiev decided that it was time to quit the Western World and throw in his lot with his native country's destiny, this description fitted him well enough. After his return to the U.S.S.R., however, his music suffered a sea-change, and it is still a debatable question whether his reputation will ultimately rest on his earlier or on his later works. It cannot have been easy at first to submit himself to the discipline which the Stalin administration imposed on musicians and artists in general, and there is no doubt that Prokofiev suffered, for a time at least, from this restrictive atmosphere.

At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that the ideals by which the 'official' Soviet music was supposed to be animated were altogether alien to his nature. It is true that in his youth he delighted to shock; but all along it had been his belief that music should be a recreation and a relaxation, and not a matter for solemn meditation or soul-revealing 'self-expression'. It was therefore not difficult for him to fall in with the fundamental tenets of Soviet teaching as regards the arts, which rule out any form of expression not immediately intelligible to the masses.

In the main, therefore, his later works were unmistakably conformist, though in varying degrees; the Playboy pops up occasionally even here. There are few traces of him, however, more's the pity, in the last (Seventh) Symphony completed shortly before his death in 1953 and broadcast last week (Home Service, June 14). It is supposed to have been originally conceived as



a simple symphony for children; but even if its scope was ultimately extended before the composer had finished with it, it still remains simple. This in itself would have been no fault, did not the symphony reveal a certain poverty of invention which suggests that the creative urge which Prokofiev had felt all his life was beginning to lose its strength.

Simplicity of another kind is revealed in much of Mahler's music, and especially in the Fourth Symphony of which Benjamin Britten, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (Third Programme, June 15) gave a remarkable performance, with Joan Carlyle to sing the soprano solo in the last movement. Despite the occasional reminiscences of Tchaikovsky and Wagner, the symphony is much less inflated than those of the later period and a certain rather engaging naivety is one of its chief attractions. And yet in 1901, the year it was first performed, it was possible for a writer in the *Musical Courier* to describe it as 'a musical monstrosity' and to proclaim that 'there is nothing in the design, content or execution of

the work to impress the musician, except its grotesquerie. The only part of the symphony which is bearable is the soprano solo at the end, and that is not Symphony'. Today such a criticism appears ludicrous, and singularly inapt in reference to this particular symphony.

I have often thought that Mahler was at his best in small-scale works, especially in his *Lieder*—an impression which was confirmed in listening to Emelie Hooke singing the *Rheinlegendchen* (Third, June 16), an attractive song-cycle which is surely not often performed. It was followed on this occasion by two sets of Webern songs, Op. 3 and Op. 12, settings of poems of various authors ranging from Strindberg to Goethe. This made a very pleasant late night programme, and the singer's 'intimate' approach and sensitive and clearly articulated rendering of these delicate songs was only marred by an occasional uncertainty of intonation.

Other programmes of interest during the week were the broadcast from Glyndebourne (Third, June 17) of Mozart's *Die Entführung* of which

I heard enough to convince me that in Mattiwilda Dobbs Glyndebourne has found an ideal Mozart soprano; and another from the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool (Home Service, June 16) in which John Pritchard was conducting the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Here the most interesting item was an extract from Henze's *Ondine* in which Margaret Kitchin gave a most excellent performance, clean and crisp and clearly articulated, of the important piano part in *Les jeux de Tritons*. This is a lively score, more Gallic than Teutonic in style, in which one seems to detect occasional echoes of Ravel, Roussel and Stravinsky.

Music for three pianos by Bach and Fricker, played by Eileen Broster, Carlina Carr and Susan Tunnell, was a feature of the Welbeck String Orchestra's programme (Third, June 18) conducted by Maurice Miles, who secured some very good playing from the orchestra in Mozart's *Serenade* in D, Bartók's *Divertimento* and the *Symphony for Strings* by Malcolm Arnold.

ROLLO H. MYERS

## 'Die Bakchantinnen'

Egon Wellesz's opera will be broadcast at 7.25 p.m. on Saturday, June 24 (Third Programme)



The opera will be sung in German, and to enable listeners to follow it more easily we give this timed synopsis

### Act I—Scene 1

- 7.25: Announcement and narration.  
 7.33: The Maenads—the priestesses of Dionysus—have come from Asia to celebrate the god at the tomb of his mother Semele at Thebes; they call upon him to appear.  
 7.37½: Dionysus appears on the tomb, surrounded by flames. He orders the Maenads to establish his worship in Thebes where Pentheus, the young king, forbids his cult.  
 7.42½: Dionysus invokes his mother, who was beloved by Zeus and, incited by her jealous sister Agave, asked Zeus to appear in his immortal shape. Zeus embraced her as the God of lightning and she died; but her child, Dionysus, was saved by Zeus, and he now comes to revenge her death.  
 7.44: Distant singing. Dionysus tells the Maenads that it comes from Agave, the queen mother, and the women of Thebes, the Bacchae, who dare to take up his worship without being initiated. He orders the Maenads to entice the women of Thebes to the heights of Mount Kithaeron, and excite them to frenzy.  
 7.45½: Dionysus disappears and the Maenads praise the god in dance and song.

### Act I—Scene 2

- 7.47: Orchestral interlude.  
 7.49: Inside the palace of Cadmus the people of Thebes gather in agitation, calling the old King Cadmus to explain the frightening singing they hear.  
 7.51: They see Teiresias, the seer, approaching and realize that he is conversing with the gods.  
 7.52½: Teiresias orders the guards to open the door for the king, so that they can go together to Mount Kithaeron for the sacrifice. The Chorus believes that Pentheus is far away. Teiresias replies that he means Cadmus, the old king, the chosen of the gods. In a dialogue with the Chorus he reveals that a new god is at hand, Dionysus, and that Pentheus is doomed.  
 8.00: Accompanied by the Chorus, Teiresias praises Dionysus.  
 8.01: Suddenly Pentheus enters with his soldiers. He demands to know what is going on, why no welcome is prepared for him. The Chorus asks for forgiveness: 'It is the new god...'. Pentheus scolds them for having been taken in by an impostor who pretends to be Dionysus.

- 8.03: Teiresias warns him not to blaspheme, but Pentheus thunders on.  
 8.04: Cadmus enters dressed, like Teiresias, as a priest of Dionysus. Pentheus is astonished that Cadmus too is deceived. He appeals to him to remember that they, the kings, are not subject to the judgment of the gods. Their deeds are their destiny.  
 8.06½: Cadmus admonishes him to fear the gods. Pentheus blames Teiresias, but Teiresias, followed by Cadmus, implores him to acknowledge the new god and to accept his wreath of ivy. Pentheus rejects it and curses Teiresias.  
 8.10: Teiresias and the Chorus, terrified, prophesy that he who stands in pride at the head of the staircase may be cast down with a flaming torch. They withdraw.  
 8.12½: Pentheus orders his soldiers to imprison anyone found disguised as a follower of Dionysus. He threatens to unmask the impostor.  
 8.14: Suddenly Dionysus appears and calls him. In the dialogue which follows he reveals himself to Pentheus and tells him that his end is near. Dionysus disappears in blinding light. Pentheus draws his sword and follows him.  
 8.18½: Agave comes from the palace as in a trance. She hears the distant voices.  
 8.21½: To her it is not the voices of mortals. It is the god who is calling her. She submits.  
 8.26: She prays to him in ecstatic submission and, in joyful rapture, will follow his call.  
 8.27: Pentheus, unable to find Dionysus, comes back and—sees his mother. But in her madness Agave does not recognize him. She believes that it is a messenger of Dionysus she sees, urging her to join the Maenads.  
 8.32½: Pentheus disowns her and she rushes out.—Fanfares. The soldiers drag in the Bacchae in fetters. Pentheus rejoices over them and orders them to be taken to prison.  
 8.35½: When the Bacchae are alone with their guards they pray to Dionysus for help.  
 8.37: Thunder and lightning, the guards flee, the fetters fall off, and the Bacchae, singing and dancing, set off to the nocturnal feast on Mount Kithaeron.  
 8.40: Interval.

### Act II

- 9.00: Narration  
 9.02½: Orchestral introduction.  
 9.05½: A wooded gorge on Mount Kithaeron. Pentheus, disguised in a lion's skin, is followed by an old servant, who tries to hold him back: he fears for Pentheus's life.

- There is distant singing.  
 9.07½: Pentheus tells him that he must see what is going on. He knows that he will die. He orders the servant to go back to Thebes and hides himself.  
 9.10: Agave, Ino and Panthea appear on the height of the gorge, calling for Dionysus.  
 9.11½: Agave looking down fears the mysterious silence of the place. Why did Dionysus bring them here? Why did he disappear?  
 9.17: Slowly, led by the Maenads, the Bacchae descend from the height in a kind of enchantment, to light a fire for the sacrifice.  
 9.18½: The Maenads begin to sing in praise of Dionysus. Ino, in ecstasy, takes up the chant. Panthea takes over and, in growing excitement, both sing together.  
 9.22½: Dionysus appears in a sudden blaze of light, which also reveals Pentheus. Dionysus incites the Bacchae to punish the intruder into the sacred rites.  
 9.24: Thinking in her frenzy that Pentheus is a lion, Agave seizes a torch and plunges it into the fire; the women do likewise.  
 9.26: They all hunt Pentheus through the gorge. Agave brings him to bay; Pentheus, starting back to escape, falls headlong from the rock to his death.  
 9.28½: Cadmus and Teiresias rush in, followed by soldiers. Agave cries triumphantly that she has killed the mountain lion. With magic gestures Teiresias forces her out of her delusion.  
 9.30½: Agave, slowly awakening from her trance, sees her son lying dead at her feet: 'Where am I?—who killed my child?—who are these women here like priestesses?—and suddenly aware of her terrible action she pours out her love and grief.  
 9.34: She implores Teiresias to help her, but there is no help.  
 9.36: Agave, now recognizing the avenging hands of the gods, begins her lament.  
 9.40: It is taken up by Cadmus, who orders the men to carry the body of Pentheus back to Thebes.  
 9.42: Funeral music, followed by the lament of the Chorus. The Maenads remain on the stage with their torches extinguished.  
 9.45½: The first light of day. Dionysus stands like a priest above the Maenads. He laments the blind actions of mankind, and commands the Maenads to carry his worship through the land.  
 9.49: While he slowly disappears the Maenads sing the final chorus, praying for the holy light of Dionysus.



# Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—Semi-final II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE North of England, represented by Mr. J. Brown and Mr. M. J. Woodhouse of Grimsby, met the West of Scotland, Mr. L. Shenkin and Mr. A. Benjamin, in the second semi-final of the inter-regional bridge competition.

The Scottish pair took a lead of seven points to two when Mr. Benjamin was the only competitor to find the best solution to a difficult problem in play.

WEST	EAST
♠ Q 7 5	♠ A K 3
♥ A Q 8 7	♥ J 5
♦ None	♦ A K 10 8 6 4
♣ A K 9 8 7 4	♣ J 10

North leads the two of spades against West's contract of Six Clubs. How should West plan the play?

The contract will make if either the club or heart finesse succeeds. An alternative line is to try to establish the diamond suit to provide three heart discards. This line would require three entries in the dummy; there are only two apparent entries, but a third can be created by conceding a trump trick. The best solution combines the various chances. The first spade is won on the table with the king and the declarer continues with two top diamonds, discarding hearts from hand, and a third diamond, which he

trumps in hand with the seven. If both opponents follow to the third round of diamonds he continues with a low club to the J 10 and will find the final entry to the dummy with a spade, after the trumps have been drawn and the diamonds established.

If the diamonds should divide 5-2 the spade will provide an entry for the trump finesse; if the trump finesse fails there will still be a trump entry for the heart finesse.

Scotland advanced their lead in the second part of the programme and had scored 18 points against 11 when both pairs were called on to bid the following hands:

West dealer. Game all.

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q 3	♠ 5
♥ J 4	♥ A K Q 10 3
♦ K Q 9 7 4	♦ 10 8 6 3
♣ A Q 5	♣ K J 4

Three No Trumps, a contract which cannot fail, was scored at a maximum 10. Four Hearts, which can be defeated if one hand holds a singleton diamond and the other hand both aces (conditions which obtained when the hand occurred in a Gold Cup match) scored 8. Five Diamonds, which depends on losing not more than one trump trick, scored 6. The West of Scotland had to reach any of these three contracts to make sure of the match. They bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
(Mr. Shenkin)	(Mr. Benjamin)
1 D	2 H
3 N.T.	4 D
4 N.T. (Blackwood)	5 D
6 D	No Bid

Mr. Shenkin seemed to overlook that his partner's response showed only one ace.

The Grimsby pair were now in a position to win if they could stop in either Three No Trumps or Four Hearts. An injudicious bid of Four No Trumps by West took them too high. The Four No Trump bid was the Norman convention and invoked a reply of Five Hearts, and the damage was done.

It seemed to the judges that it was a mistake to make a forcing response of Two Hearts of the East hand, if only for the reason that there was no high diamond honour in the hand. A suggested sequence was:

WEST	EAST
1 D	2 H
2 N.T.	3 D
3 N.T.	No Bid

With both sides failing to score in this part of the programme, the West of Scotland retained their 7-point lead and go forward to next week's final in which they will meet the South of England.—*Network Three*

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# ABOUT THE HOUSE

## Date Loaf

THIS IS A LOAF that can be eaten with or without butter, that keeps well, and is particularly popular with children. You will need:

- 1 lb. packet of dates
- 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda.
- 1 tablespoon of margarine.
- 2 teacup of sugar (either white or brown)
- 1 teacup of boiling water.
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 teacups of self-raising flour.

Put the dates, which have been cut into small pieces, the bicarbonate of soda, margarine, and sugar into a baking bowl and over them pour the teacup of boiling water. Beat up the egg until light and frothy, and add this, then the flour, to the mixture, mixing well with a wooden spoon to form a softish consistency.

Line an oblong loaf tin with a butter paper, along the bottom, to prevent mixture sticking and to ensure easy turning out when the loaf is cooked, and turn the mixture into the tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350-375°) for 1½ to 1¾ hours, depending on the wetness of your mixture. (The size of the egg can affect this.) After testing with a skewer, leave in the tin to cool a little, then turn out to cool thoroughly on a wire tray.

MOLLY WEIR

## Immunizing Children

So far, there are six infections against which all children in this country can be protected: whooping cough, diphtheria, tetanus, smallpox, poliomyelitis, and tuberculosis.

Normally, the first illness from which to protect a baby is whooping cough. I have found that mothers do not realise that the younger the baby the more severe is the illness, and nearly all the deaths from whooping cough occur in children under one year of age. In young babies this disease, even if not fatal, may cause per-

manent lung damage. Three injections of whooping-cough vaccine, given at monthly intervals and starting at the age of two months, with a 'booster' dose at about fifteen months, are needed.

Since whooping-cough vaccine can be combined today with immunization against both diphtheria and tetanus, many parents will wish their babies to have this triple vaccine. If it is used, again three doses are needed, beginning at the age of two months and with a booster injection at fifteen to eighteen months.

Sometimes, however, the triple vaccine is not advisable for a particular baby. If it is wiser for the baby to be immunized separately, whooping-cough vaccine is given first, followed by diphtheria and tetanus immunization. In this case, two injections of the combined diphtheria-tetanus toxoid are given at monthly intervals, followed by booster doses at one and a half and five years of age. Whichever method is chosen, you must make sure that your children are fully protected against all these three diseases.

Smallpox is a disease which can be completely prevented by vaccination; and today, with the speed of air travel and the danger of people arriving in this country carrying the smallpox virus, it is more important than ever to ensure that all our babies are vaccinated against smallpox between the age of three and six months. Vaccination at this age will not upset the baby.

Immunization against poliomyelitis is one of the newest immunization discoveries and one which all parents are anxious to take advantage of. Two injections of poliomyelitis vaccine at the age of seven and eight months and a third at fifteen months is the present routine for babies, but everyone under forty can and should be immunized against poliomyelitis.

Many people forget that tuberculosis is an infectious disease caused by a germ. Babies and children who are likely to come into close contact with someone suffering from tuberculosis—and school leavers who have not developed any immunity to it—can be protected today

by a special vaccination against tuberculosis.

In this country, immunization is free, and can be given either by your own family doctor or in your local welfare or school clinic. It may sound a lot of injections, but it is the only way we know so far to protect our children from these six diseases, all of which are serious and any one of which may be fatal.

A DOCTOR  
'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

## Notes on Contributors

ALEC NOVE (page 1071): Reader in Russian Social and Economic Studies, London University, author of *Communist Economic Strategy* and (with Desmond Donnelly) *Trade with Communist Countries*

ALISTAIR COOKE (page 1073): chief correspondent in the U.S.A. of *The Guardian*; author of *Letters From America*, etc.

DERRICK SINGTON (page 1075): has recently visited many parts of Africa for the B.B.C. as European Talks Organizer, European Services; author of *Belsen Uncovered*, etc.

BRYAN ROBERTSON (page 1079): Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery; author of *Jackson Pollock*

STUART HAMPSHIRE (page 1083): Grote Professor of Philosophy of Mind and Logic, London University; author of *Spinoza and Thought and Action*

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (page 1085): art critic; formerly Deputy Director, Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Nine Abstract Artists*

KINGSLEY AMIS (page 1087): Lecturer in English, University College of Swansea; author of *A Frame of Mind*, *Lucky Jim*, *That Uncertain Feeling*, *I Like it Here*, *Take a Girl Like You*, *New Maps of Hell*, etc.

STEPHEN SPENDER (page 1099): poet and critic; joint editor of *Encounter*; author of *Forward from Liberalism*, *Ruins and Visions*, *The Edge of Being*, *The Creative Element*, *Engaged in Writing*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,621

## The 'Hill'.

By Jeffec

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Answers to clues must be entered in squares listed; punctuation and accents to be ignored. Then, by beginning somewhere in Q and moving a square at a time

(never diagonally), an appropriate quotation from a poem may be traced. With his entry the solver is asked to include the quotation and the name of the author.

### CLUES

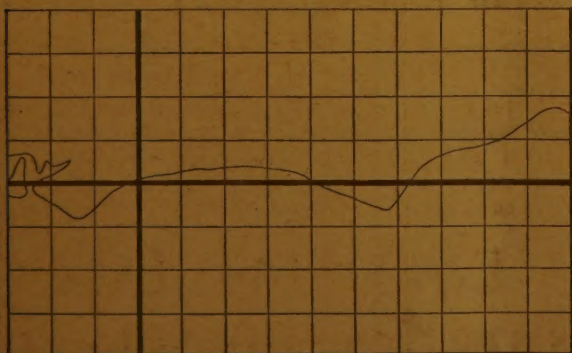
- A. U83, V97, V29, V16, Q42, Q90, V69, Q13, Q63, Q70.  
Silly fellow—half a leg makes rope shrink (10)
- B. Z77, V48, U82, Q51.  
Ensnare Noah's son in a tangle (4)
- C. Q30, U80, V76, Q73, Q02, V87.  
Paid for arm with tyrant's head (6)
- D. Q60, V08, V99, V66, V26, U93, Z76, Q80, Q22.  
Along the shore, see a Scot in confusion with skilful finish (9)
- E. V78, V18, V06, V39.  
To show lamentation, hence to cry (4)
- F. V89, Z78, Z99, V27, U73, V56, Q41, Q11.  
Softened, taking in steep return, grumbled (8)
- G. Q82, U81, Z88, Q03, V88.  
Distributed mostly grief (5)
- H. V67, Q71, V47, Q62, U72, V58.  
Road surface puts priest with no vehicle in sudden pain (6)

- I. Q23, U70, V09, V68, Q93, U92, V96, V28.  
Ten hours' running from Waterloo or Victoria (8)
- J. U91, V36, Q50, Q83, V17.  
Meat from broken ledge (5)
- K. Q91, V86, V07, U90, Z89, Q40, Q32, Q52, V59, Q21.  
Developer after Dorset village could be called a fleecer (10)
- L. Q10, Q31, U71, V77, Z97.  
Wicked earth provides the token (5)
- M. V19, V46, V38, Z87, Q12, Q43.  
Outgoing tide in ripples; no fast parties found on beach (6)
- N. Q61, V37, V57, Q20, Q33, Q92, V98, Z96.  
Principal district left unploughed (8)
- O. Z86, Q81, Q01.  
To make a point (3)
- P. Q53, Q00, V49, Q72, V79, Z98, Z79.  
High table smashed in bishopric on the coast (7)

## Solution of No. 1,619

1	2	4	6	3	2	5	4
2	2	6	2	4	4	4	4
5	4	6	1	1	2	1	1
5	2	2	1	3	4	3	1
4	2	2	3	3	2	1	3
3	1	4	4	1	1	4	5
5	4	5	4	6	5	6	5
2	4	2	1	4	3	2	

1st prize: Rev. L. B. Hutchings (Solihull); 2nd prize: P. K. Nandi (London, N.W.2); 3rd prize: D. Kirby (Leeds, 2).



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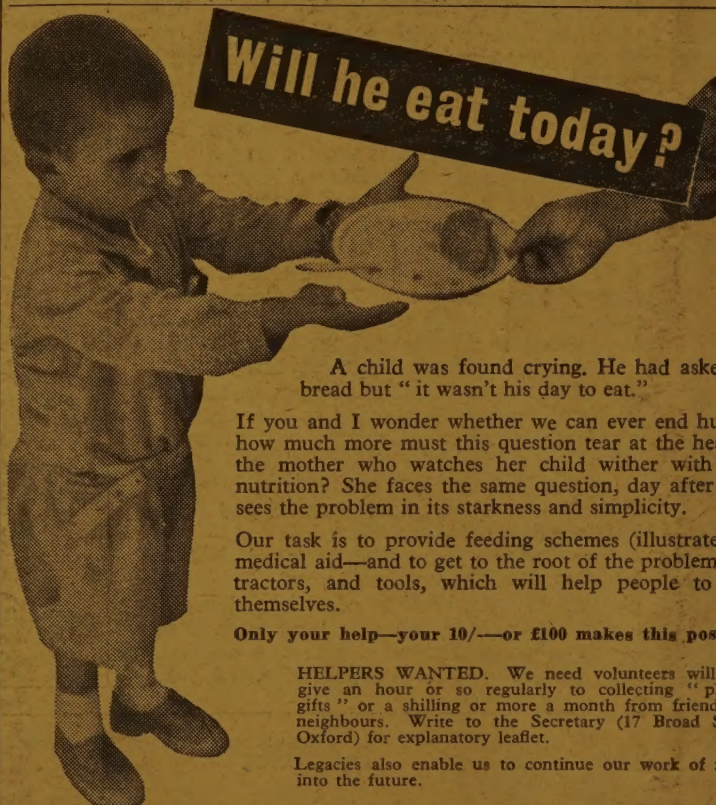
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